

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1949

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

15¢

IN THIS ISSUE

3,000,000 VETS WANTED

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HOMES WITHOUT DOWN PAYMENTS

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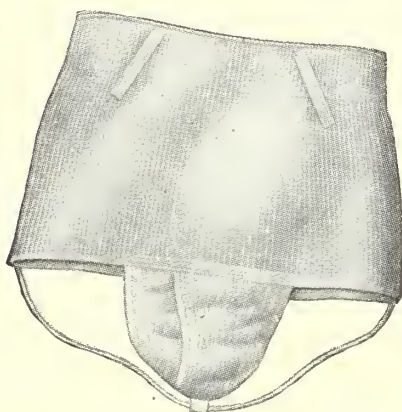


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LEGION MAGAZINE

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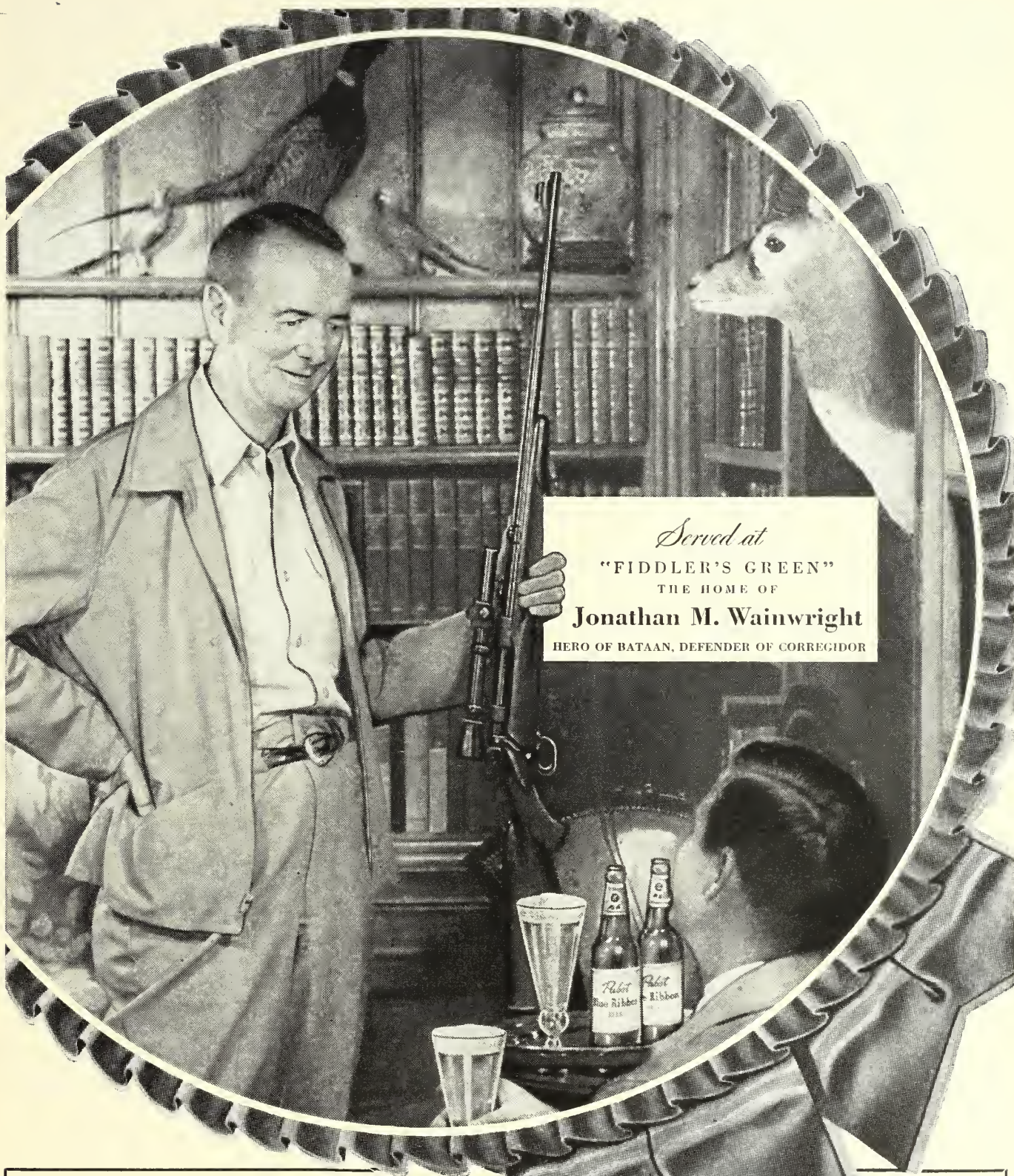
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Our cover design tells a story of Legionnaires-40 and 8ers determined to make the National Convention on time. And where has their locomotive and boxcar poused for directions? Wolly Richards, the orlist who did the picture, was a bit vogue, so we tried to figure it out for ourselves. "Philadelphia 190M." probably means that our conventionnaires are in the western section of Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland or Pennsylvania, probably the last named of these. The form expert on the staff calls the born "Pennsylvanian."

PICTURE CREDITS: Tom Knowles, 14-15; National Broadcasting System, Columbia Broadcasting System, International News Pictures, Hy Peskin, 16-17; International News Pictures, Ewing Galloway, Keystone, 20-21; Sid Latham, 24-25; Tom Carew, 26-27.



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A sampling of products which are in process of development or are coming on the market

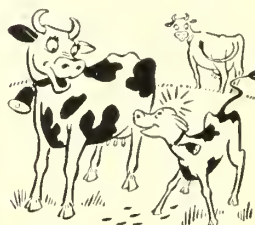
GOT A CONVERTIBLE OR A BUGGY? If you have, you know that the top fabric eventually goes bad and has to be replaced. And then, the first thing you know, the replacement deteriorates and a re-replacement must be bought. But science has fixed all that. Out of the laboratories and test tubes has come a new kind of fabric to put over your bright red convertible. And once you put it on all you have to worry about are flat tires, mechanical trouble and traffic tickets. The fabric is called Cordoglas and is made of Vinylite resins fused to Fiberglas yarns. It is long-wearing, can be easily cleaned, and tailors well. Made by the Cordo Chemical Corporation, Norwalk, Conn., it can be obtained from top replacement shops throughout the country at a price said to be only slightly higher than other quality top materials.



FLEXIBLE LOCK. An ingenious cable lock with a wide variety of uses in securing movable objects is being placed on the market by the Reese Padlock Co., Lancaster, Pa. The unit consists of a padlock with a flexible airplane cable covered with a Vinylite plastic sheath to protect objects on which the lock is used. The lock has a five disc tumbler cylinder mechanism. The cable, one end of which is permanently fastened in the body of the lock, is 36 inches long, but shorter lengths will be available. Retail price is \$1.50.

GOLFER'S AID. In view of the many devices available to trim strokes off a golfer's score it is amazing that holes in one are not commonplace. The latest is a gadget called Miser-Mitt, which looks like part of a fingerless leather glove. The golf club is inserted between the glove and the hand. When the club is swung back the Miser-Mitt tightens across the hand to remind the golfer not to overswing. Gerrits' Gadgets, Box 326, Appleton, Wisc., is offering them in three sizes at \$2.50 with a guarantee that they will improve anybody's game.

FOR PUTTING ON THE DOG. Elsewhere in this issue you will find an article telling how to raise a dog. In case it causes you to rush out and buy one you may be interested in something that the manufacturer says is "the first major development in dog collars and leashes since the introduction of the English round leather collar and leash." The new achievement is a line of collars and leashes made of a plastic called Flexene. They come in six fast colors and the collars come in thirteen different sizes to fit every breed of dog. Flex-collars and Flex-leashes can be bought in matched sets, and in a size to fit the average dog the set costs \$2.80. The manufacturer is Hungerford Plastics Corp., Murray Hill, N. J.



FOR RURAL READERS. A new electric method for painlessly removing horns from a calf by destroying its horn-producing cells, has been developed by engineers of the General Electric Company. In contrast to the old method of sawing off the horns with a hacksaw, the new method is one in which the tissue covering the hudding horn is seared before the horn actually breaks through. The searing which destroys the horn-producing cells is done by an ordinary soldering iron to which is attached a removable tip. The tip is hollowed out on the end to fit over the knob on the calf's head which would grow to be a horn.

Besides being painless, bloodless, and free from danger of infection, this electric method takes only two and a half minutes to complete. After a few weeks the unwanted budding horn falls off, and no further growth occurs.

BEANIES TO KEEP KIDS SAFE. Children's felt caps with a built-in safety feature are being offered by Siegel Bros. Mfg. Co., 819 Merchandise Mart, Chicago. The caps are the familiar beanies, but they have the words "Stop" and "Go" in Scotchlite letters permanently bonded to the fabric. After dusk the tiny glass beads of the Scotchlite reflect light so that automobile headlights can spot the wearers at a distance. The beanies retail for 59¢.



COLOR PHOTOS FROM BLACK AND WHITE NEGATIVES. A new process for making colored pictures from black and white film has been announced by the Eastman Kodak Co. Called the Kodak Flexichrome process, it uses color dyes on a special photographic print to make a full-color picture out of it. Prints are produced by printing the image on a special Kodak Flexichrome stripping film. The silver in the film image is then bleached out and the image is dyed with a black dye. The emulsion carrying this dyed image is then stripped from the film and transferred to a sheet of fixed-out photographic paper. When paper and emulsion are dry the print is colored by applying color dyes which replace the black dye originally applied to the film.



EASY WAY TO REDUCE. With an ingenious garment called the Hollywood Ray-Ducer it is now possible to relax in the sun and get the reducing effects of a steam cabinet. The garment, made of clear plastic, fits snugly at neck, wrists and ankles, yet it permits perfect freedom of movement. A zipper closure allows it to be put on or taken off in a few seconds. The idea is that the sun's rays induce perspiration and consequent weight reduction. A minimum of clothing, of course, is recommended. Obtainable from Ray-Ducer, Inc., 6912 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., the garment sells for \$11.95 postpaid.

WANT AN UNDERWATER SQUINT? Figuring that there are more things under the waves than meet the eye—fish, for instance—E. B. Wilson, of 1701 Cass Ave., Detroit, has developed a gadget to look at them. It is called a Water Scope, a trumpet-shaped affair made of treated cardboard with a plastic lens fixed in rubber. With it you can not only locate fish but articles lost overboard, such as outboard motors and fishing tackle. It can also be used for taking pictures underwater. The Water Scope was originally made for another purpose. Wilson, executive secretary of the Michigan Police Chiefs Association, first rigged it up to help locate bodies of drowned persons. The price is one dollar postpaid.



THE SCIENTIFIC SIDE OF PLASTICS. One reason why you are reading about more plastic products is because of what goes on behind the scenes in research laboratories. Today's plastic materials are far better than those of a few short years ago, and next year's plastics will be even better. The reason for this is because of things the consumer never hears about—Dyphos, for instance. This new product has just been developed by the National Lead Company. Their research men call it a dibasic lead salt of phosphorous acid which acts as an anti-oxidant stabilizer. That may not seem to mean much to the layman but it will, since it will keep plastics flexible longer, make them hold their colors better and keep them from getting too hard or soft.

WHAT INVENTORS ARE DOING. It is seldom that inventors have a chance to get together to show their big ideas, but they had this opportunity at the First International Inventors Exposition held at the Grand Central Palace in New York City recently. While it is impossible to describe all the inventions, a few were particularly interesting. One exhibitor showed an automobile that runs on compressed air. Another had what he called a Dog Automat. This is a wooden box on top of which is an alarm clock. The clock is set at the time you want Fido to eat, and at that time the clock opens the front of the box, exposing the dog's meal. Another interesting device was a radio hat, a sun helmet on which is mounted a large coil. Two radio tubes project from the front, and an earphone is suspended from the inside. A rather disturbing invention was a case for a city directory. The directory remains concealed till you put a coin in a slot. We hope the telephone company doesn't hear of it. Still another device was a set of keys which you attach to your typewriter to make it write music. The man said it would compose either classic or be-bop. One of the best crowd-catchers was a machine resembling a penny scale. But this one scratches your back. The only trouble was, it too has to be fed a coin before it massages between your shoulder blades.

J. C. K.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine

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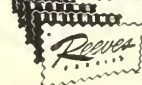
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AN ARGUMENT WITH OUR MAILMAN

Our mailman at home is a nice guy. He's a veteran and belongs to another veterans' organization. He explains to our wife that he won't join The Legion because it "is too mixed up in politics."

If we ever get a day off, so we're at home when the mailman comes, we're going to give him an argument. We'll tell him that if by "politics" he means the Legion keeps an eagle eye on legislation affecting veterans we'll shake his hand and ask him to come along with us.

Maybe we'll tell him about the "politics" the Legion is mixed up with regarding GI home loans. That's a stinking situation.

A lobby now working on Congress is trying to raise the interest on GI home loans from 4% to 4½%. This effort originates on the West Coast and has now won backing from most of the well-known veterans' organizations — including our mailman's—but not The American Legion.

This lobby has two main arguments:

1. It represents certain lenders who want the extra money they could get from veterans by boosting GI interest rates. Also, they want to eliminate competition which GI loans at 4% create for other loans at fancier rates.

2. This "soak the veteran" lobby can prove that a great many lenders have been refusing to grant GI loans at 4%. Therefore (because of their refusal) they can prove that in many instances the GI home loan provisions are not helping veterans as they once did.

Posing as a "veterans' group," and supported in this pose by other veterans' organizations, this lobby's civilized piracy emerges as follows: "We won't lend to the veteran on GI terms unless Congress makes the veteran pay us more. Then we will, and thus Congress can help the veteran by boosting his interest rate."

The American Legion doesn't want this kind of "help" for veterans. Banks are loaded with money which is screaming for borrowers, and 4% is good money for government-guaranteed loans. Our government savings bonds earn much less.

The trouble is that lenders can snub GI loan applications because the government, in another phase of its operation, is rapidly putting the veteran out of business as a borrower under straight GI Bill terms.

Under FHA the government will guarantee 100% of a home loan bearing 4½% interest, whereas under the GI Bill it will guarantee only 50% of a loan yielding 4%. Since nobody can force a lender to make a GI loan, lenders can, and many do, force veterans to use costlier FHA loans by refusing them GI loans on property which FHA would approve for its 4½% Title II program.

That is how it is working generally today. Not only is it hurting the veteran,

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but it is hurting those scattered lenders who cooperate fully with the GI program. They do all the GI business that's being done as intended under the GI Bill and risk tying up too much of their capital in long-term loans.

Their rivals see them as the last remaining obstacle to their desire to force all veterans to use 4½% loans. By upping the GI rate to 4½% this final obstacle to holding up veterans could be removed.

Rather than jump on the bandwagon and "help the veteran" by soaking him an extra ½% we'd rather go along with the Legion's "politics" on this matter.

The Legion says the veteran needs and deserves preference in home loans, as Congress said he did in the GI Bill.

The Legion says that perversion of the government-supported FHA loans into a weapon against veterans must stop, and that GI loans at 4% must work again as they have worked in the past for nearly 1½ million veterans.

We will ask our mailman if veterans should sleep through this business for fear it might be "politics" to back up the Legion's position.

In the Congress just ending the Legion has been pushing some amendments to the GI Bill to make 4% loans more attractive to lenders. If these amendments, known as Sparkman Bill, have been licked when you read this it will be because not enough veterans backed us up.

The Sparkman Bill asked:

1. A 100% guarantee of GI loans on low cost housing instead of the present 50% guarantee. The record of GI loans justifies this. *Defaults by veterans on GI loans have been less, by nearly half, than those of the general public on all mortgages.*

2. That the government take over existing GI loans from any lender who will reinvest in new GI loans. This is known as creating a "secondary market" for mortgages. It would bring the government in to help a lender who is willing to make GI loans but fears to tie up too much money in long-term commitments. For each new GI loan he would take on, the U.S. would relieve him of an old one.

3. Finally, that if veterans should continue to be snubbed under these more favorable conditions, *then the government step in and make direct loans under the GI Bill to any credit-worthy veteran refused GI Bill terms in his locality on VA-approved home purchases.*

This bill would eliminate every legitimate excuse to refuse GI loans to credit-worthy veterans, and would give every veteran a way out when confronted with an illegitimate excuse.

Lenders in difficulty would get help.

Lenders trying to blackjack veterans into costlier mortgages could go jump in the lake, to use a polite phrase.

That's Legion "politics" and we're proud of it. If the Sparkman Bill is law when you read this veterans can thank the Legion. If it fails, or is ruined by amendments, that will be because too many veterans' organizations went the wrong way or did nothing, giving Congressmen an easy excuse to waver.

Other proposals now brewing have the same kind of smell. We'll be fighting them. Whose going our way?

R. B. P.



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"Many hands make light work" is a practical rule of thumb on the farm—neighborly helpfulness a tradition. But the modern farmer will tell you that car, truck, tractor, stationary engines and other power farming equipment have helped most to increase farm production. That's why dependable spark plugs are of paramount importance to him—why he uses dependable Champion Spark Plugs in vast majority. This preference is unquestionably based upon better performance in every type of engine, so whether you are farm, town or city folk, insist on Champion Spark Plugs—the leader in public preference for more than a quarter century. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



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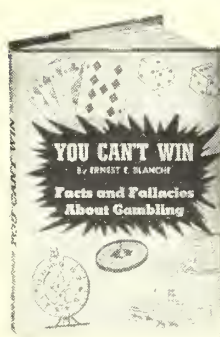
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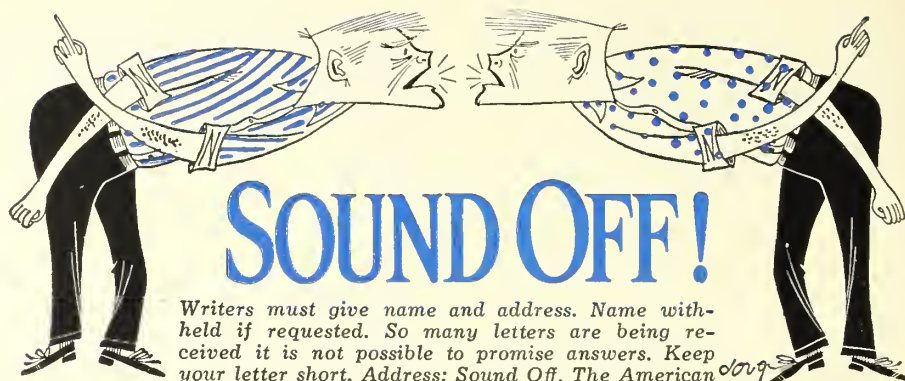
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Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letter short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

29TH, NOT 27TH

In Hamilton Greene's vivid article, *The Day*, in your June issue, describing the Omaha Beach landing in Normandy, the 116th Infantry, which spearheaded the assault abreast of the 16th Infantry, was given an incorrect divisional designation. This Virginia National Guard regiment was a unit of the 29th (Blue and Gray) Division. The noted historian and biographer of Lee and Washington, Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, has called the 116th's assault on Omaha Beach one of the most gallant in American military annals.

E. W. Opie
Major General, Retired
Staunton, Va.

▼ Our apologies to Gen. Opie, who as a colonel commanded the 116th throughout its training for overseas combat, and to other members of that topnotch outfit who protested against our outrageous typographical error. We meant of course to credit the 116th to the 29th Division rather than the 27th, which operated in the Pacific. Editors

CONCERNING SUCKERS

I found Mr. MacDougall's *Step This Way, Sucker!* very amusing. If you thought you could discourage the "suckers" by your little piece of literature you will find you are very badly mistaken.

... Except for one game (the Razzle) Mickey don't know the gaff.

My husband owns six flat stores and a grab joint and I myself run a Beat the Dealer. I'm sending your story to my husband in Atlanta. He's on a vacation there at the city's expense. I'm sure he will find it amusing. You probably see me as some gaudily dressed woman with a loud voice and heavy make-up. Again you would be wrong. I'm twenty, black hair, wide, blue innocent eyes, a plain but expensive suit (bought no doubt by some sucker) and a very demure look.

That is unless you look into my eyes. Then you would see all the living I've done since I was fourteen and ran away from home. But then you would have to look long and deep. I've no doubt that for all your knowledge I could even fleece you.

Catherine
New York City

PASS IT ON

Fortunately, I have no ulcers but the article about ulcers in the May issue of our magazine was, to my mind, one of the

most clever ever written on the subject.

Knowing a veteran who has been annoyed from time to time with an ulcerous condition, I gave him my copy for the purpose of observing his reaction and believe it or not he is beginning to feel better already.

As a result of this little gesture, he has asked me for an application to join our Post. This is not only encouraging from our organization standpoint but the thing leaves me with the thought that perhaps it might be a good thing for you people to place an insert in our magazine, either each month or from time to time, encouraging our membership, after reading our magazine, to pass the copy to a non-member friend so as to give him or her an introduction to our grand readable and informative National Publication. I believe a practice of this kind would help considerably to bring new members into the fold as thousands of veterans don't know the Legion publishes such a good monthly magazine.

John A. Baker
Brooklyn, N. Y.

COMMUNIST STOOGES

The article, *How Communists Make Stooges Out of Movie Stars*, by Richard E. Combs, was very interesting. It brought out many good points which, if observed, would lessen the chances for communists to make further progress in undermining the principles we Americans stand for.

I do not claim to be any kind of authority on this matter, but I feel the point should be made clear that the movie stars are actors and that they are not experts of any kind who are qualified to judge whether or not an organization is communistic. Therefore, why should people join an organization just because some movie star belongs to it? This merely shows that the people who join organizations for such trivial reasons do not do much thinking.

Adam Jentilet
Detroit, Michigan

Mr. Ben Gitlow's article in the June issue, plus the informative reading in the Editors' Corner, certainly should be of interest to every Legionnaire or any person opposed to communism. Why then don't we Legionnaires pass on our copies of the magazine to non-vets, men who can and will as loyal Americans be alerted and better able to spot communistic infiltration?

The editor points out that next month
(Continued on page 57)

PREFERRED
BY MILLIONS
FOR ITS

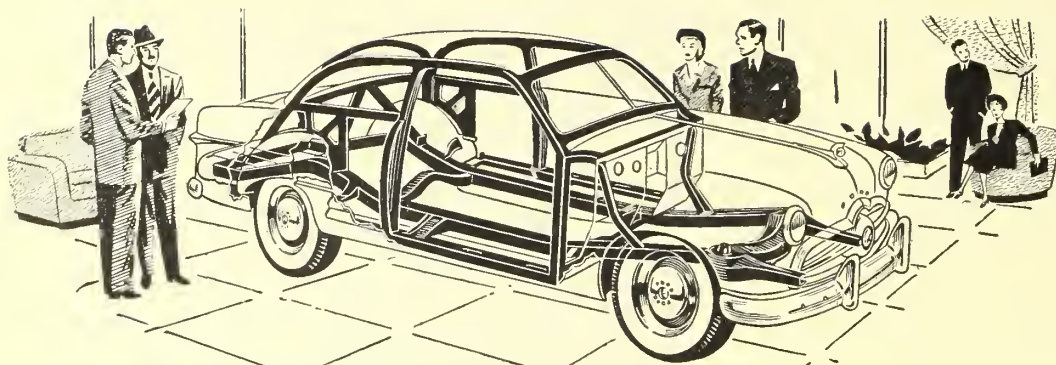
*clear
clean
taste*



P.M.
BLENDED WHISKEY

FOR
PLEASANT
MOMENTS

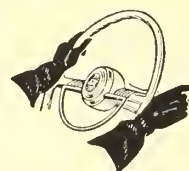




The new "Lifeguard" Body is part of the new Ford "Feel"

Fords feel safe—Fords ARE safe. Ford bodies are "Lifeguard" bodies—heavy-gauge steel bodies. Together with Ford's own 5 cross-member box-section frame you get a structure that's 59% more rigid—and wonderfully quiet to drive!

Take the wheel—try the new Ford "Feel." Ford's "Finger Tip" Steering and Shifting give you positive, effortless control!

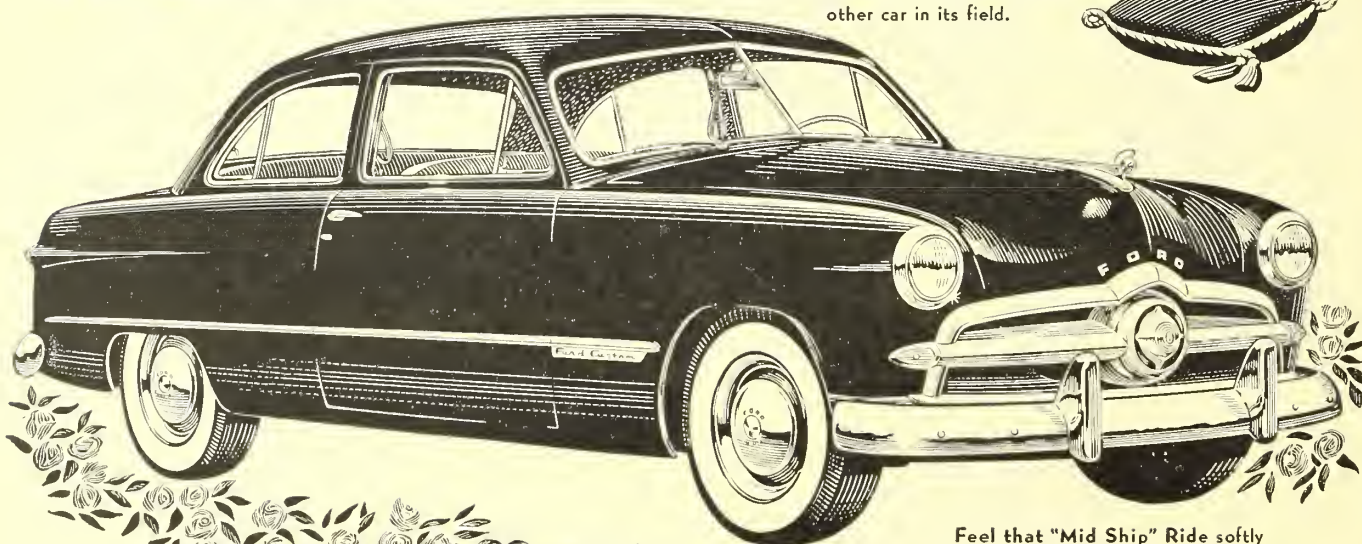


Try the brakes—feel that 35% easier stopping action! Yes, Ford's King-Size "Magic Action" Brakes are brakes you love to touch!



Awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal as the "Fashion Car of the Year"

Feel those sofa-soft, sofa-wide seats! More hip and shoulder room, front and rear, than in any other car in its field.



Feel that "Mid Ship" Ride softly cushioned by new "Hydra-Coil" Springs in front, new "Para-Flex" Springs in rear!

Yes, the new Ford "Feel" adds up to a brand-new kind of driving—with new ease of control, new performance, new roadability, new security. Try it!



LAY IT DOWN ZIGGY!

There have been a lot of freaks in baseball, but never a one who could perform like the little guy they found in a sideshow

By LARRY SIEGEL

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

YOU GUYS make me sick. You lose a close game to St. Louis, and you sit around here in the locker room and moan just as if your wives took off with a bus-full of icemen, or something. Sure, it was a screwy game, and that St. Louis first baseman pulled a crazy play to win it for them. But if you think that was unorthodox baseball, you should have been with me back in '38 when I found Ziggy. Now there was a character.

Stick around a little while, and I'll really tell you a story.

It all began on a hot August afternoon. I was managing the Champaign Nats, a triple A outfit in Illinois, and the team was off that day. I happened to be wandering through a carnival that was playing in town, and I accidentally stepped into a tent and saw the strangest thing I've ever seen in my life.

In this tent was a huge cage, and in this cage was an odd-looking character—about four foot ten—not an inch more. He seemed to be wearing reverse elevator shoes—the kind that go down instead of up. He couldn't hit a hundred pounds with rocks in his pocket. He looked as if he left part of himself home. Maybe it was because of his head. It was a queer head that seemed to be screwed onto his neck at the last minute by a clumsy carpenter. He could have been anywhere from 20 to 35. (continued on next page)



The American
LEGION
Magazine



In his hand was a cockeyed little two-toned bat. Some guy was standing at the other end of the cage and was pitching to the midget. At every pitch the audience would shout, "Lay it down, Ziggy!" and this Ziggy would bunt the ball into buckets which were scattered all around the cage. Sometimes he'd bunt straight, but more often he'd put some kind of English on the ball. He'd aim it for one bucket; the ball would start for the bucket and then the crazy thing would bounce and hook into another. He was amazing! He never missed! They'd yell, "Lay it down, Ziggy!" and he'd lay it down on one bounce into a bucket.

Well, I didn't waste any time. I colared the midget when his show was over. I told him I was Chuck Hawson, manager of the Nats. I told him I liked

his show, and I wanted him to join my team—just to entertain the crowd between games of a doubleheader.

"Sorry, pal," he said. "I don't like to join baseball teams. Too much running. I hate running; it makes me tired."

"Didn't you ever play any ball?" I asked him.

"Some, pal," he said. "When I was a kid I used to play on sandlots. I was always small. Never could poke the ball, so I learned how to bunt. I got pretty good at it after a while. If I didn't hate running so much they would've never got me out. But I ain't played in years."

"How long have you been doing this bunting routine?" I asked him.

"All my life, pal. I get a kick out of it, and I can bunt a ball any place you

want me to within a certain range."

"Look, Ziggy," I said, "the season is over in a month. All I want you to do on the squad is entertain the crowd between games of a doubleheader. Maybe once in a while I'll let you pinch-hit when we're way ahead or behind in a game, just to give the fans a kick. I promise I'll never run you much if I can possibly help it. What do you say?"

"Put that last sentence in writing?" he asked.

"In writing," I said.

"It's a deal, pal," he said, offering me a palm and five stubby fingers.

That night in the hotel I presented twenty-five ball players with a new toy, and just like kids they passed him around the lobby like a medicine ball. They asked him for his autograph.

HE WALKED to the mound and sized Sloppy up carefully





THE ZIGGY shift was on, and the Penguins knew they had him bottled up

They warned him about taking showers because the last time the team had a guy Ziggy's height, it lost him when he slipped down the drain. But Ziggy finally put them in their place.

Morse, our third sacker, said to him, "Ziggy, it's late in the season. If you want to catch the eye of any scouts, you'll have to get in all the practice you can. Let's you and me go out on the field tonight and hit some flies."

They rolled all over the lobby rug when he said he'd love to and ran up to his room. But the place really fell apart when he returned a few minutes later with a lantern and two fly swatters.

Well, the next day we had a big game with the Danville Penguins. They were the strongest team in the league and led us by eight games. Of course, the main reason they were so strong was because of Sloppy Graham, their big right-hander. He was by far the best pitcher in the league and was already assured a major berth with Detroit the following year.

Let me tell you about Sloppy. There was a psychological case. He was scared to death of tight clothing. He was afraid of being strangled by his clothes. He always wore suits two sizes or so too big for him, and I heard rumors that he lived in a nudist colony in the off season. But anyway, this six foot, four-inch monster could pitch.

And don't you think he wasn't hot that day. It would have been easier for my boys to walk into the Kremlin with cameras that day than to steal a base hit from Sloppy. We were trailing something like 12-0 when we stepped up in the ninth. If it wasn't for Sloppy's possible no-hitter, every-

body in the stands would have been home eating dinner and soaking their feet.

Well, our first two men went down, and Sloppy had one more man to go before the no-hitter was in the books. Lister, my fourth pitcher of the game, was due at the plate, and since the game was shot anyhow, I decided to let him bat. But then I accidentally saw Ziggy sitting in the corner of the dugout, casually polishing that crazy 30 ounce two-toned bat he brought with him. What the hell, I said and called time and ran over to Ziggy.

"Get up there and bat for Lister," I said. "Bunt the first good pitch and run like hell for first base. That's the bag on the right side."

Well, when the crowd saw a little baseball suit with a two-toned toothpick bouncing on its shoulder heading for the plate, it went wild. Sloppy, who was sweating like mad and giving his twenty yards of baseball suit a good bath, looked quizzically at the midget. Then he shrugged his shoulders and whistled one in. Ziggy shortened up and bunted a beauty toward short. When the shortstop raced in, the ball took a crazy twist and rolled out to left field. Ziggy puffed into first base safely.

Now, I've often seen Sloppy blow up, but never like that day. He went insane. He threw his glove on the field, stamped on it, and kicked it into left field. He cursed and screamed and almost decapitated two teammates who tried to soothe him. He never wanted anything as much as he wanted that no-hitter, and standing on first base was a four foot, ten-inch spoiler.

Well, Sloppy might as well have

tried finishing the game with his left arm, or maybe one of his feet. He walked three men, hit another, and then the next one tripled. On this triple there was a close play at third, and when the umpire called the runner safe, Sloppy heaved the ball into the stands and took a swing at the man in blue. Naturally, he was chased out of the park. And while eight teammates escorted him to the clubhouse, Sloppy delivered a very blunt sermon about blind umpires and midgets in baseball suits, which he might have had trouble repeating in church on Sunday morning.

Well, we lost the game, but thanks to Ziggy, we gained an even more important victory. The next day's paper had the following headlines: "Monster Erupts as Midget Messes Up No-Hitter." Then it told all about the game and how the commissioner of the league had fined Sloppy \$200 and suspended him for thirty days for his conduct on the field.

Was I tickled! In thirty days the season would be over, and the Penguins without Sloppy were like a Buick without a motor.

Maybe it was Ziggy's presence on the squad that did it, but anyhow we caught fire, and every day we pulled up closer to the Penguins. And you should have seen that midget perform during doubleheaders with his bat and buckets. He was terrific. Every once in a while when a game was hopelessly lost or in the bag, I'd get Ziggy to pinch-hit. He'd complain about running, but he'd always come through. He'd bunt one off a bag or chop between the infielders. When they played (*Continued on page 42*)

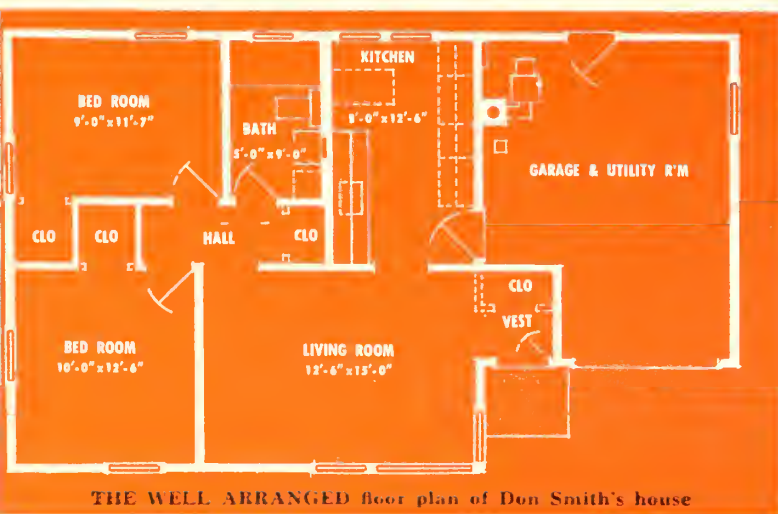


INSULATING THE UNFINISHED ATTIC WAS NO PROBLEM AND IT SAVED A LOT OF MONEY



THE TILE WAS LAID AT NIGHT AFTER DON GOT HOME

Nothing Down, \$39



In Painesville, Ohio, veterans are getting homes at prewar prices. The reason is, they are willing to invest some of their spare time and a certain amount of sweat to keep construction costs in line

PHOTOS BY TOM KNOWLES



DON AND VAL SMITH, and Don II — who was born right spang on Christmas morning in '47 — are living in a good new home on an attractive street in Painesville, Ohio.

It's a well-built two-bedroom house whose comforts include radiant heat, and it cost them only \$5,800.

That sounds a lot like a prewar figure — about 1940, say. But Don and Val's house is one of a hundred new homes for veterans that have come into being in the last two years at remarkably low cost — because a little group of businessmen got together to show what could be done with housing. And because the veterans who bought the houses were willing to invest some of their time and own sweat

in making homes for their families.

By putting a little labor of their own into their houses, these men and women now have what is becoming known as a "sweat equity." As a device for getting more house for less money, it applies not just to veterans and not just to Ohio. It can mean a good deal to anyone who wants a new home anywhere and is stumped by the high cost of building.

This story of a *good* postwar house for nothing down and \$39 a month begins in two places—a banker's office in Cleveland and an Army field in Mississippi. Actually, of course, it begins at every other Army or Navy establishment, anywhere a soldier was married or had a child or a father was drafted. But we're talking about the

Smiths of 6 Hawthorne Drive just now, and it was in Mississippi that Don and Val met.

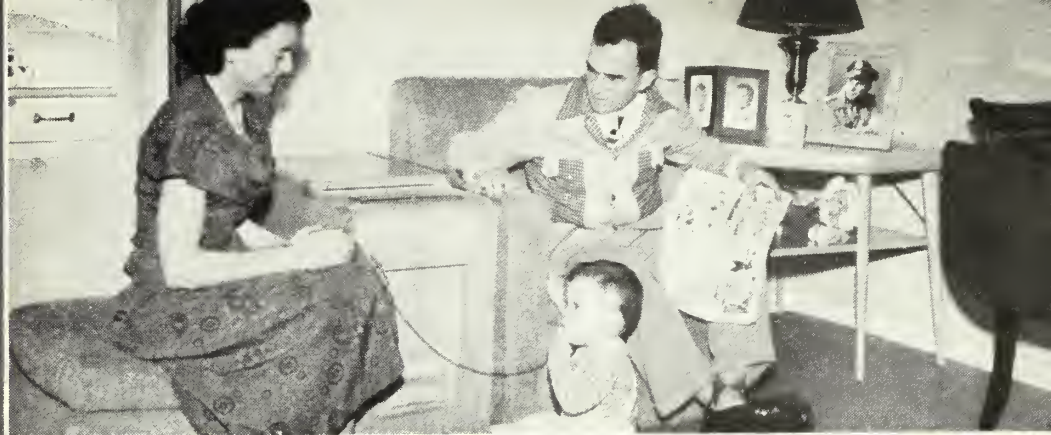
Don was a former electric refrigerator salesman who went into the Army as a private in November, 1941. He was stationed at Keesler Field and Val was working there for Air Supply when they began to go out together in 1944. Five years later, Don was in Painesville, an Air Force major on terminal leave. He was already busy by day and most of the night, working with his two brothers to set up an automobile agency and repair business, but he found time to get lonesome.

He persuaded Val — for Valasta — to come and visit in Painesville.

"She stayed so long her sisters wrote



DON AND VAL INSTALLED THE HARDWARE



THERE IS STILL WORK TO BE DONE ON THEIR NEW HOUSE, BUT A GUY HAS TO RELAX SOMETIME

a Month

By DARRELL HUFF



HAVING GOTTEN INTO THE HABIT OF IMPROVING HIS PROPERTY, DON SMITH DOESN'T MIND A SESSION WITH THE LAWNMOWER

and complained and my family started crying, 'Do something or send her home.' We got married July 5, 1946, and I got my discharge from the Army three weeks later. We began to hunt for a place to live."

A million other young families could duplicate the story of the housing difficulties that followed. There was nothing in Painesville to rent and nothing to buy at a price that made sense.

They did what they could. They hired a 70-year-old cabinetmaker and knocked together a place to keep house and sleep on the second floor of an old commercial garage. This did them for a year, but they were immensely pleased and relieved when they learned they could buy one of a

hundred houses being built for veterans. They felt even better when they learned the price.

The low cost of these houses — and that's what makes them a story worth telling — goes back to a meeting between a builder, an architect, a real-estate man, and a banker named Harry R. Templeton.

Templeton's argument went something like this: If we'll all get together and cut our costs to the bone we can produce good houses for veterans at prices they can afford. If we let the people who buy the houses do some of the finishing work themselves, we can cut costs even lower.

There was more than guesswork in this latter notion: The Cleveland Trust Company, of which Templeton is vice

president in charge of mortgage lending, had tried sweat-equity loans before the war and had found them the best kind of security. Of 500 families whose sweat had gone into their equities, only one had defaulted.

None of the businessmen involved was asked to work for nothing, but each cut his charges as far as he could.

The architect, J. Wallace Green, set his fee at \$10 a house.

Realtor Milton Ludwig agreed to handle the sale of land for no commission and to limit his charge to \$50 for handling the details of transferring each house to its owner.

George Payne, the contractor, said he thought there was too much talk and not enough action in veterans' housing. He (Continued on page 61)

Will Television Wreck

Will TV make enough new fans to offset those who see the games at home?
Read the arguments of the experts below

By DAN PARKER

LIKE A BROOD HEN that hatched an ostrich egg and saw her stepchild grow to frightening proportions, Sports, which took the infant television unto its bosom a decade ago and nurtured it through the difficult years of childhood is starting to wonder if it wouldn't have done better harboring a viper. The stepchild is now growing so fast and causing such upheavals in the sports world that alarmists are convinced that television, not satisfied with just biting the hand that fed it, will gulp the whole works, hoof, hide and hair.

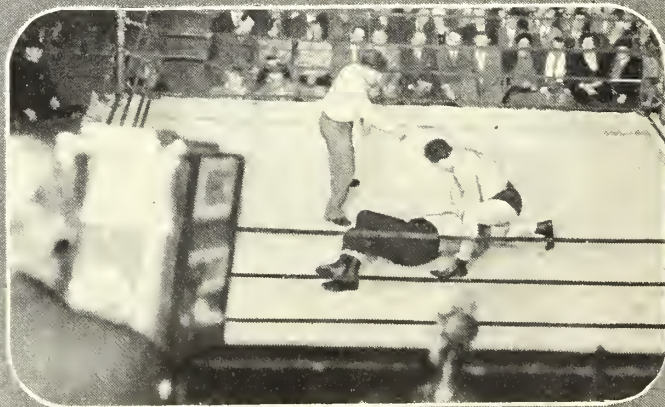
Will television wreck sports or will

TELEVISING the Geraldo's thrilling act in Ringling circus didn't hurt the gate

TELEVISION, AMERICA'S NEW TICKET TO ALL SPORTS, IS UPSETTING THE BALANCE OF



UNTIL TELEVISED, THE ROLLER DERBY WAS UNKNOWN. NOW IT TURNS CUSTOMERS AWAY BY THE THOUSANDS

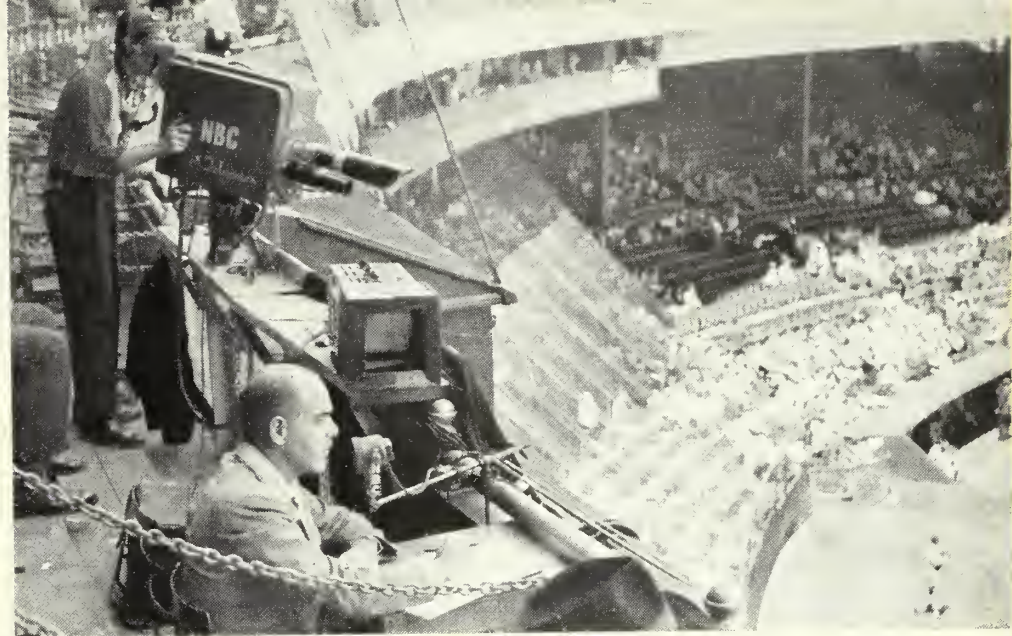


THE GRUNT AND GROAN GAME OF PRO WRESTLING IS GROANING ANEW — UNDER THE WEIGHT OF VIDEO-INDUCED CASH

Sports ?

it turn out to be an even greater benefactor than radio, which was once similarly accused? There are almost as many shades of opinion on this question as there are sports promoters. Boxing and minor league baseball seem to have been damaged more than any other sport by video's impact but even in these hostile fields, one hears a good word here and there for television.

New York is about five years ahead of the rest of the country in television and has about one-third of all the country's 1,500,000 sets, so that metropolis will be the proving ground for most sports problems created by the new medium of graphic news transmission — although some other cities have already proved things for and against television. There is a baseball optimist in Cleveland, for instance. Bill Veeck, President of the Cleveland Indians and Baseball's Barnum since Larry MacPhail took his two million and walked out, has incontrovertible proof that in Cleveland television has helped baseball and baseball has helped television. When the Indians authorized the telecasting of their home games in the spring of 1948, there were 2,800 receiving sets in the Cleveland area. At the end of the hilariously successful season Showman Veeck provided for Indian fans, there were 25,000 sets in operation. This number had grown to 30,000 as the 1949 season opened. These statistics help to prove Veeck's claim that



DO TELEVISED major league games (Giants-Cubs above) ruin minor league receipts?

baseball is the largest single producer of television set sales. The Indians' home attendance of 2,620,627, an all-time record for baseball, bears out his assertion that television definitely helps baseball.

"One thing about watching a ball game on television is that you can't holler 'You big thief!' at the umpire," says Bill. "The fellow who has piled up a lot of tension in business can't get the relaxation he wants by shouting names at his television set. There's no substitute for an umpire in that respect. And there's no cheaper and safer outlet for the emotions than baseball."

Almost everybody in television agrees with Veeck, as do many others in baseball. Yet in baseball and many other sports there are those who have an uneasy feeling.

The major league clubs are for video. Some of the minor leagues, on the other hand, consider it an enemy, particularly in regions where it makes big league clubs their competitors via bar and grill video sets, and piped-in telecasts.

Commissioner A. B. ("Happy")

Chandler, the czar himself, doesn't think we'll ever see the day when an honest-to-goodness baseball fan will stay away from the parks to watch the games on television.

"TV is in its infancy and we cannot tell yet whether it will increase or decrease attendance," he added. "For that reason World Series television contracts are being placed on a year-to-year basis so we can see what happens before we make long-term agreements."

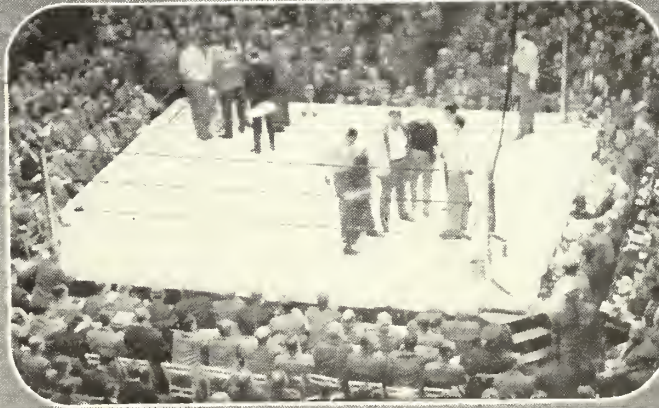
George Weiss, general manager of the powerful New York Yankees' organization, thinks everything's going to be just dandy in the relations between television and baseball, with each benefitting from the alliance.

"Far from wrecking sports, our experience with the new medium has indicated it will have just the opposite effect. Last year's test was a good criterion for us. We assume that television will hurt the gate most on occasions when the weather is doubtful. Yet, on the four nights and two Sundays last season when the weather was bad, we had (Continued on page 44)

PROFESSIONAL PROMOTIONS. THOUGH A HEADACHE TO SOME, IT'S A POT OF GOLD TO OTHERS



THE ARMY-NAVY GAME — TELEVISED TO MILLIONS. YET EVERY SEAT IN THE HOUSE WAS SOLD OUT IN ADVANCE



BOXING IS IN A SLUMP, AND MANY BLAME VIDEO. BUT MORE GOOD FIGHTS WILL MAKE THINGS JAKE

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

There'll be big doings in Philadelphia when Legionnaires from all over the world gather together for the National Convention

By VINCENT A. CARROLL

A Citizen of Philadelphia

DRAWING BY LOWELL HESS

WE, THE PEOPLE of Philadelphia, extend our heartiest welcome to The American Legion on the occasion of the return of its National Convention to our city. The last time, just 23 years ago, the Legion was little more than a fifth of the size it has attained today, but its convention was one of the great events in the celebration of the 150th year of our national independence. The 31st convention will fitly represent the expanded objectives of this greatest patriotic society in history, now grown to above the three million mark.

The spirit of '76 and '26 shown by Philadelphia will be present in this year of '49 during and after the four-day convention that starts on August 29th. As the city in which the nation was founded, Philadelphia is grateful to the men and women of two wars who fought to preserve what was born here.

I am one of a large group of citizens who have made this convention and its arrangements one of their main concerns for the past several months, and I can tell you that this will be a family welcome rather than an official one. In last month's issue of your magazine Harry Franck gave you some of the background history of the city and told you of a few of its varied attractions. Of course he merely scratched the surface. And because every Legion National Convention, "the greatest show on earth," generates its own diversions, it is our hope that this thirty-first in the series will provide so much enjoyment for you who visit us that you will be talking about it for years to come. There will be much available, and we are certain you will like every minute of your stay with us.



Everything possible is being done for the comfort and convenience of the city's guests. The University of Pennsylvania, for instance, has made available rooms in its dormitories. This is the college founded by Benjamin Franklin more than two hundred years ago...and this gesture of hospitality is almost like a welcome from old Ben himself. The great Convention

Hall is practically on the campus of the University.

The hotels have co-operated in a splendid way... they have put aside the routine, over-night-guest manner and have caught the spirit of real hospitality.

Elaborate arrangements are being made for transportation... both to and from the city, and within the city.



The ladies of the Auxiliary will be pleased to know that the University of Pennsylvania has made its Irvine Auditorium available for their meetings. This is the finest auditorium in the country and within easy walking distance of the Convention Hall. Incidentally, this is probably the first time that this building will have been used for any purpose other than activities

directly connected with the university. So many events are being planned for the entertainment of the Legion that it would be impossible to enumerate them. For instance, for those who wish to revive memories of the past, the Free Library of Philadelphia will display its great collection of War Posters. For those who wish to combine a little business with pleasure

many great industrial plants and business houses will hold open house.

We, the people of Philadelphia, have made a sincere effort to think of everything for the comfort and entertainment of the Legion. If we have forgotten anything, we ask our guests to simply speak up and we give our assurance that all possible will be done to please. (Continued on page 49)



ARE WE BIG ENOUGH FOR OUR JOB?

IN A FRANK MESSAGE TO MEMBERS THE

NATIONAL COMMANDER QUESTIONS THE FINANCIAL AND NUMERICAL STRENGTH

OF THE AMERICAN LEGION FOR ITS GREATEST MISSION.



IS THE AMERICAN LEGION big enough for its job?

The answer is no.

Perhaps, since we have been three million strong for several years, that is hard to believe. Certainly we are big. We are, in fact, the largest organization in the world in which each member individually pays fixed dues each year. The Red Cross, with voluntary contributions bringing membership, and the American Bowling Congress, in which leagues pay dues which automatically bring in their members may be larger. So may the CIO or the AFL by virtue of affiliation. But for bona fide, dues-paying, active, direct membership I know of no organization which approaches ours in size.

When I question whether we are big enough for our job, the answer depends not on our size among organizations but upon the size of the job to which we have dedicated ourselves.

Over the years we have committed ourselves to many unselfish tasks. If there is any one among these which is peculiarly *our* job, it is the service we render to war veterans, to their dependents, to their widows and their orphans. I often wonder, as I go about the land, how many people have any idea of the magnitude of our service work. You see it in your own Post in the work of your committees, your Service Officer and in the work your

Auxiliary Unit performs in Child Welfare, or perhaps in hospital visitations. Multiply that by over 17,000 Posts to measure the work on the local level alone. Fewer Legionnaires see the work done on the Department and National level, although every member supports it.

There is not one aspect of veterans' problems which we have ignored. There is not one veteran of War One or War Two who has not gained from the work of The American Legion. It was our fight before Congress in December, 1943, which provided mustering-out pay for every War Two veteran. The GI Bill, touching almost every phase of veterans' lives, including education, job-training, home-ownership, unemployment relief during readjustment to civilian life, was conceived in its entirety by The American Legion and worked out with experts on each area of American life with which it deals. In 1943-44 the GI Bill was fought through Congress by our top leadership, with the full backing of every Post and individual Legionnaire in the land. And we have either fought against or supported every proposed piece of veterans' legislation since we came into existence, according to its effect upon the veteran.

Having written the law, we have become the lawyers too. Without fee we represent every veteran who seeks our aid to see that his claims as a veteran before govern-

ment agencies are properly developed and that he receives all that may be due him under the law. We do this whether the veteran is a Legionnaire or not. In addition to our voluntary, and often paid, Post Service Officers, this work is carried on by paid employes or Legion officials of the Departments and the National Organization at every VA District and Regional Office in the land.

Our National Field Representatives regularly visit VA hospitals, inquiring into the personal needs of the veteran-patients and into the care and treatment they receive. Legionnaires and Auxiliaries also visit these hospitals for the sole purpose of entertaining, visiting, assisting and comforting the sick.

Our Child Welfare program, given tremendous backing by The American Legion Auxiliary, has dedicated itself to the proposition that no child of a veteran shall suffer unduly because of need.

Our work in rehabilitation goes far beyond any routine treatment of problems. We have thrown our strength and our resources in with other agencies, charitable and official, to overcome national and state problems affecting veterans and their dependents. When we learned how the unsolved problem of rheumatic fever was scourging the children of the Nation we threw our support to the American Heart Association, which

was attacking that disease. The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary went halves on a \$50,000 donation to the American Heart Association at a time when its total assets were not that great. Our Department of Minnesota alone recently raised half a million dollars to finance research in heart disease!

Our New Mexico Department in the last few years initiated and followed through on action which created a children's tuberculosis sanatorium in that State, where there had been none before.

These are not isolated instances. Similar work in children's tuberculosis is being done in Nebraska, for instance. Similar work in heart disease is being carried on by one Post in Syracuse, New York. Different jobs on the same scale are on record across the country.

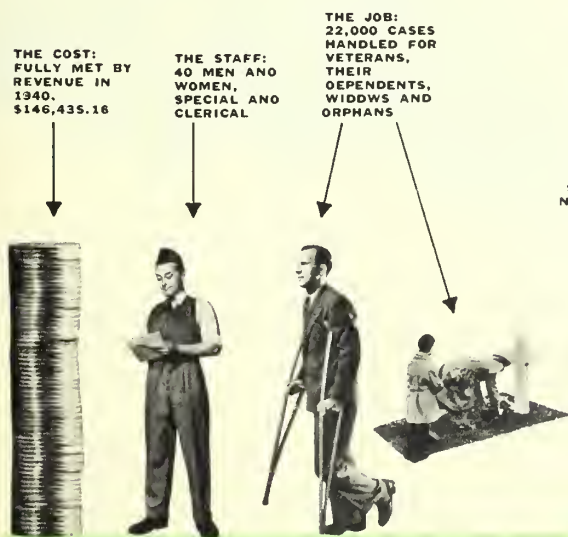
Locally, Departmentally and Nationally we have never yet backed away from any job, however large, affecting the welfare of veterans and their families. It is typical that the men and women in The American Legion who have shouldered the work and the responsibility act for all veterans—seldom do they themselves receive the benefits for which they work

and fight—seldom do they ask for any.

Not only do we serve Legionnaires and their families, whose loyalty as members clearly entitles them to whatever assistance they merit, but our resources are available to any veteran whatsoever. And we would not have it otherwise. One of our Department associates recently tallied the membership of the patients he visited in a VA hospital in a two-month period. Of 541 hospitalized veterans visited, 378 were not Legionnaires. C. M. Wilson, Director of Membership and Post Activities, believes that this is a normal situation—between 60 and 75 percent of our rehabilitation service is regularly rendered to non-members. Nobody knows how much help is given non-members on the local level—but each Post knows its own work.

(Continued on page 39)

OUR NATIONAL REHABILITATION JOB AND RESOURCES—THEN AND NOW



LEGION NATIONAL REHABILITATION RESOURCES AND WORK
1940



LEGION NATIONAL REHABILITATION RESOURCES AND WORK
1948

An Orchid a Day

Mrs. Hubert Goode,
President of the Auxiliary,
tells how it feels to head the
world's greatest organiza-
tion of women

By **GRETТА PALMER**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

WHEN MRS. HUBERT GOODE, president of The American Legion Auxiliary, arrives in a new town . . . an event that occurs three times a week these days . . . she is treated rather like Princess Margaret Rose of England reviewing the troops. Distinguished citizens meet the train or plane that carries Mrs. Goode aboard. Swift cars, often preceded by sirens, whisk her to her hotel. The press and photographers are there waiting for her. On her dressing table are already a batch of telegrams, a summons to call Operator 36 in another town or two and an urgent request for a broadcast speech she never heard about before. There is also a large, square florist's box containing a purple orchid.

"It's gay. It's flattering. It's hospitable, and I appreciate it all," says Mrs. Goode after six months of life as a national celebrity. "But I've discovered the terrible drawback to holding national office of any kind. I've discovered why Presidents and royalty look so harassed . . . they do what I do, only on an even vaster and more confusing scale.

"The catch to the celebrity's life is this: when you're laying a cornerstone, you aren't attending a conference where important decisions that

interest you will be made. When you're being photographed shaking hands with the Mayor, you're not answering your mail (and neither, by the way, is he). When you're sitting on a banquet dais for a three-hour lunch, you're not planning the work of the Auxiliary for the coming year.

"Obvious? Of course it is, but nobody ever expects it until it happens to him or her. Being a Guest of Honor is a full-time job. Being a sort of Greeter-on-Wheels . . . fast-spinning wheels, at that . . . takes all the energy a woman has.

"I have a new respect for royalty

and wives of Presidents and even movie-stars since I got this job: they earn whatever they are paid. They earn it pleasantly—for being met by kind and charming people is the most delightful work in the world. But when it is done every day for a year, it is work. Don't ever think it's not."

And Mrs. Goode knows something about work. She knew something about it before she assumed office last October as National President of the organization she always calls "the biggest organized group of women in the world." Before taking over in her present busy role, she was Chairman





"I KNOW they aren't honoring me personally," she points out. "They are paying tribute to the work that is done by the Auxiliary"

of the National Rehabilitation Committee, charged with the Legion Auxiliary's vast program for the care of disabled veterans. Before that . . . indeed, ever since she joined the Auxiliary in 1932 . . . she was one of the outstanding Legion women of the Northwest. She became President of the Department of Oregon nine years ago and National Vice-President for the Western Division in the following year. She has also acted as Chairman of the National Poppy Committee, the Committee on National Defense and the Child Welfare Committee.

Sitting in her hotel room at the

Washington Statler, Mrs. Goode ruefully held up her hands.

"No manicure since Honolulu," she observed. "I don't mind: but grooming, if not glamor, is part of this job . . . the public job. You can't receive the keys to a city from a Mayor, among flash-bulbs popping all around, with broken fingernails. That's why I sometimes wish I could be two quite different people all the time: a glamorous photographee who makes the speeches and wears clothes dashingly, as one of me . . . a kind of Auxiliary Irene Dunne. But I'd also like to be a Mrs. Hubert Goode who simply eats up committee

meetings and reports and works ten hours a day on Auxiliary plans. So far, I haven't found a way of arranging to be two women at once. Perhaps a later President will discover how."

It is evident that Mrs. Goode is generous with her time, and that her family, too, is generous in giving her to the important task she has assumed. Since October she has spent only eight nights at home (although her family did manage to join her in Dallas for Christmas week.) Mrs. Goode's brother the noted Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who also gets (Continued on page 58)

HOW TO RAISE A DOG

The first year is always the hardest

PHOTOS BY SID LATHAM



HOW OFTEN have you heard a dog owner say, "Yes, he's a nice animal but I can't do a thing with him?" When Marie and John brought Sally home from the kennel of Mrs. Henry Gray, at Syosset, Long Island, they decided they'd train her so they'd never have to apologize for her actions. How they did it is shown

here. It was not easy but there was a lot of fun in it too. Marie and John soon learned that the main requirement was patience, seasoned with firmness and kindness. Today Sally is not trained in the sense that Lassie, the movie queen is, but her behavior is such that Marie and John are properly proud of her.



HOUSEBREAKING begins at three months. Use papers. Keep an eye on the dog, but don't strike it. Breaking takes about two weeks



FEED THE DOG from its own dish and establish regular feeding hours. A balanced diet can be advised by the kennel or vet



TEACH THE DOG to walk at heel. Use a rope and gradually shorten. Short lessons are best, and pat the dog as a reward



TO TEACH "DOWN" John would first make the dog sit. Then at the command "down" he'd pull the dog's forelegs out from under her



DOGS ARE NATURAL retrievers, so Marie and John had little trouble in teaching Sally to take off after an object and bring it back to them



SALLY WAS THREE months old when Marie and John bought her. Experts agree that it is a good idea to buy a pup at that age



ANYONE WHO HAS HAD a dog knows about distemper. It is wise to have the pup inoculated when it is two or three months old



TO TEACH SALLY to come when called, she was placed in one spot, then John slowly backed away and called. When she refused to come or started in another direction she was returned to the original spot. This took patience

MARIE TAUGHT SALLY to sit by twitching the lead rope with one hand and pressing down on the animal's hind quarters at the command "sit." The command "sit down" was avoided as confusing



TO KEEP SALLY from barking, John tied her muzzle when she barked, commanding "quiet"

FREQUENT BATHING is not recommended, but it isn't possible to brush a dog too often

SALLY SOON LEARNED she had to sleep in a particular spot. The command was "bed"

I Catch CROOKED GAMBLERS

By MICHAEL MACDOUGALL

How an amateur magician became the
nemesis of professional card and dice cheats

THREE GANGSTERS, two with brass knucks and one with a gun, gave me a going over. When they knocked me down I doubled up to protect my vital parts



PHOTOS BY TOM CAREW

I'M IN A CRAZY RACKET. As far as I know, I'm the only practitioner alive. And, unless I'm careful, some day I may be the only practitioner dead. I'm a gambling detective, although I never gamble. For over twenty years I've been tracking down the uppercrust of the underworld—those well-dressed, glib-tongued, flowery-mannered swindlers who cheat while gambling.

A question I often hear: "How does one get into such a profession?" Herein I offer the answer.

Looking back I see that my course was set on my tenth birthday, when my father gave me a ten dollar bill. That called for a trip to downtown Philadelphia. At Fifth and Market a pitchman was hawking his wares, a trick deck of cards.

"It's the Eighth Wonder of tha World," he chanted. "Ev'ry card is a self-operatin' miracle. Ya touch it on tha back, it changes into tha King of Spades, ya say 'Ickle Bickle' it changes back. It's worth ten dollahs, but I'm not chargin' ya ten dollahs, I'm not chargin' ya five dollahs, I'm not even chargin' one dollah. For half-a-buck, a fifty-cent piece, the magic deck is yours."



GOLDSTEIN WAS USING THE LATEST TYPE OF EDUCATED DICE, SO NEW ONLY A HANDFUL OF CROOKED GAMBLERS KNEW THEIR SECRET

The shills stepped up and bought, I followed suit. At home I discovered a ten-year-old could do the trick — with twenty years' practice. Determined to get my money's worth, I practiced — night and day for months. Finally I could change the cards well enough to fool my half-blind uncle.

Time passed, I improved. Came high-school days, I was a full-fledged wonder worker. No magician played the Quaker City without my being in the audience. So when Horace Goldin, Royal Russian Illusionist, was booked at the Globe, Monday matinee I was in the first row.

The first show went smoothly. Ducks and rabbits vanished, beautiful ladies walked through solid glass, silken flags appeared from nowhere. Naturally I stayed for the supper show. This time a careless musician left the pit door open. I could see Goldin's assistants, operating the hidden apparatus underneath the stage. As a hopeful wizard I resented the exposure and went back stage to tell Goldin. He was properly grateful, offered me a dollar, bade me goodbye. I took the dollar, but didn't leave. An hour later he noticed me again, asked what I wanted, and I told him I wanted a job.

"What would your family say?" he

asked. "You look like a school kid."

My parents, my four brothers and four sisters, all hale and hearty, were blotted from my mind. "I'm an orphan," I lied. "I live alone. I'm my own boss."

Goldin had been planning a stage version of the mythical Indian Rope Trick, wherein a small, acrobatic youth climbs a rope and, while in mid-air, disappears from view. I was small, wiry and willing. He tried me out, I got the job.

For more than a year I journeyed all

over the world, disappearing three times a day. I liked the glamor, the excitement, the travel. Most of all I liked the hometown magicians who came to visit Goldin in every city. They enjoyed displaying their skill, I was an eager audience. Many of the tricksters taught me their favorite sleights. When I returned to Philadelphia I was a competent performer, able to put on a professional show.

Magician or no, my parents kept me home and eventually enrolled me at the University (Continued on page 52)

WHEN I SHOWED the girls the photos of how the bridge swindler had taken them in, and told them the IOUs would have to be paid regardless, one of the pretty lassies folded like an accordion. She was Leeman's latest victim





Last Bomb

By HAMILTON GREENE

HAMILTON
GREENE

The world had got the word that the war was over, but the planes were over Japan



THE BOMB was a fat, yellow blob in the vast blue, its tiny arming vane scattering bright Pacific sunlight. As always, it did not fall at first, but for brief seconds seemed to hang without support beneath the battered TBM that had just released it. I focused on it with effort, for I was quite tired, but my mind, in a sudden instant of clarity, reached through the swelling roar of engines and called out, "That's the last one. The damndest last!"

Beyond, stretching out toward the horizon, the rest of the torpedo squadron rocked abreast in a long line. The fighter escort was up high, twenty-six thousand probably, and out of sight. The dive bombers were somewhere off to port. These were the ships of Air Group 83 which had, at dawn, roared

from the deck of the Aircraft Carrier Essex with the idea of obliterating the electronics plant near Tokyo. But the mission, a stinkeroo if ever there was one, had suddenly become unnecessary. For this was the morning of August 15, 1945.

When the news had come over VHF, the pilots had said little, for minutes not even changing course. They just sat and flew. I had heard some pilot whispering to his throat mike, "What do you know! No more war!" These were men who had flown many rough missions, during Halsey's last strike against the Japanese home islands. Bone weary and bitter, they had been too intent on their deadly specialty to listen to newscasts. They had only half-believed in the fabulous A-bomb, in the first place. But the Navy un-

derstands orders. And the orders had been simple. Abandon mission. Dump your bombs in the ocean. Return to base.

Yes, indeed. The war was over, brought to its dramatic climax not by the men who fought it, but by a group of clever scientists who had done something funny with nuclear fission in Tennessee, New Mexico and elsewhere. One could easily visualize New York or San Francisco, the cheering crowds, the wonderful celebrations—an enthusiasm wild and free, but unhappily without the power to reach through space and touch these tired fliers, numb with the confusion of anti-climax. To pilot, gunner and radioman alike, war had been too recent and too real. They could count the minutes since they had looked down on the beach of Sagami Wan, and the country stretching back to the base of snowy Fujiyama.

A beautiful, gray-green paradise this, but only by an accident of timing. For, had peace been delayed but twenty minutes more, those charming rice paddies and terraced gardens would have been canopied with flak thick enough to walk on. At this very moment, quite probably, we would be diving on the target through looping parabolas of (Continued on page 41)

Legion's Rehabilitation Work Increased Four-Fold; Cannot Continue to Operate in 1949 on 1919 Basis

BY EDWARD A. HAYES
Past National Commander

Rehabilitation of our ill and disabled veterans is the unheralded, unsung, little publicized program that is the very heart and soul of The American Legion, which is dedicated "to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

Yet, rehabilitation is the most vital of the many patriotic services rendered by the Legion.

As the late great Abel Davis so aptly said, "They cheer and forget! . . . There are too many kind words on tombstones. . . . We are pledged to a duty that is above every other duty — to see that the men who gave without stint to their country are properly cared for and their families properly protected."

Rehabilitation of our ill and disabled is a bigger, tougher job today than ever before . . . more than four times greater than in 1940. And in the face of this tremendous increase in labor and responsibility, The American Legion today is operating on a 1919 per capita dues basis . . . under 1949 conditions!

Increased Funds Needed

That is why it is imperative that the Legion have an increase of 25 cents per capita in its annual national dues . . . we must maintain the reputation of which we are so proud.

To maintain this reputation it is be-

lieved that every cent of this 25 cent increase should be earmarked for rehabilitation service . . . and rehabilitation only!

If we keep insisting that the public must not let our disabled down . . . we must do that . . . then The American Legion itself cannot let them down.

Let's take a look at the rehabilitation picture presented to The American Legion today:

Vet Population Quadrupled

In 1940 the nation's veteran population was around four million. Today it has more than quadrupled . . . to almost nineteen million.

The increase in Veterans Administration hospital beds, however, has been only 75 percent over the number in 1940 . . . or 105,000 today as against 60,000 then.

In 1940 there was projected a hospital bed for each forty veterans. As World War II sick and disabled started returning, this figure was raised to 147,000 beds . . . or, one bed for each 127 veterans. The recent cutback of 16,000 projected beds leaves provision for only one bed for each 142 veterans. This cutback was "the unkindest cut of all."

In addition, disability claims have taken a tremendous climb since 1940. More than six million such claims have been filed to date. In one month . . . May 1949 . . . 13,462 claims and powers of attorney were received, reviewed and

processed by the National Rehabilitation Commission.

The Legion's rehabilitation service is much broader than the mere filing of claims or obtaining hospitalization and other benefits for veterans entitled to them. Its activities include legislation, employment, standards of treatment and care . . . in fact all matters affecting the welfare of veterans, their widows, orphans and dependents.

The American Legion must ever be on guard and keep financially able to resist such ruthless attacks against veterans' rights as are being made today.

The American Legion must constantly battle for the rights of our disabled. And, it must continue its accomplishments in other national programs.

We are proud of our Americanism activities in behalf of our youth, such as Junior Baseball in which more than a half million boys have annually participated since it started in 1928. From Junior Baseball hundreds of lads have graduated into major leagues. Many have remained to become great stars . . . such as Lou Boudreau, Bob Feller, Stan Musial, Phil Cavaretta, Bill Sal-keld, Johnny Vander Meer, Pee Wee Reese, just to mention a few.

Sparked Heart Program

National Commander Perry Brown has pointed out in his article, "Are We Big Enough For the Job" in this number of the Magazine, the part the Legion played in vitalizing the program of the American Heart Association. A letter to the Legion from the American Council on Rheumatic Fever this summer said: "The foresight of your committee in recommending this contribution (\$50,-0000) will always be remembered, since without it the present development of the American Heart Association would also have been impossible."

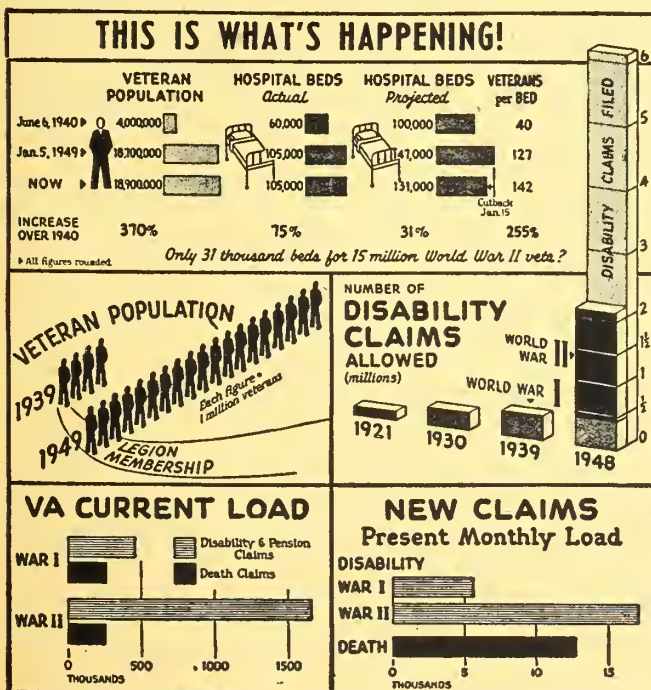
We are proud of many other Americanism activities of the Legion . . . community service, its counter-subversive endeavors, its naturalization and citizenship work, its educational program, including sponsorship of National Education Week. The Legion and its Auxiliary point with pride to Boys and Girls State; the Boys National Forum and the Girls Nation, the National Constitution Oratorical Contest in which hundreds of thousands of high school students compete for national and state scholarships and other awards.

Must Face Facts

But how many of us are aware that The American Legion purchased the first radium used solely in a VA hospital for the treatment of cancer? Everyone knows the great part radium has played in the crusade against cancer.

The vast benefit acquired for the World War II veterans proves the GI Bill of Rights is another accomplishment of the Legion. But no program is more vital than rehabilitation.

We must face the fact that the present rehabilitation budget of \$443,000 will not permit adequate discharge of the National Rehabilitation Commission's responsibilities. The proposed 25 cents per capita increase in annual national dues, however, will enable the Legion to do its job . . . and do it well.



Legion-Supported National Housing Bill Passes House —Veterans Are Given Unlimited Occupancy Preference

Slum-clearance, Low Rent Housing, Loans for Farm Housing are Features of the Bill

BY JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR
National Legislative Director

Following bitter debate lasting several days, the House, by vote of 228 to 185 passed the American Legion-supported National Housing Bill, H. R. 4009. During consideration of the bill, numerous amendments, some in the form of complete substitutes, were rejected.

By unanimous consent, the Senate-passed housing bill, S. 1070, was taken from the Speaker's table, amended by inserting the language of H. R. 4009, as amended and passed by the House, for the provisions of S. 1070; following which the Senate bill as amended was passed by the House and the proceedings of the passage of H. R. 4009 were vacated and the House bill tabled.

In a letter to the Chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, a copy of which was sent in a statement to every member of the House, National Commander Perry Brown criticized the "organized, and to a great extent synthetic, campaign against the measure," and reiterated "The American Legion's firm support of H. R. 4009." He also called on the House to amend the bill to eliminate the 5-year restriction placed on occupancy preference extended veterans.

Public Housing Issue

While amendments offered would have changed or eliminated most features of the bill, the principal fight was directed at its public housing feature. A seesaw battle raged around this title of the measure. The House refused, by a vote of 136 to 135 to eliminate the public housing title, and then it agreed by a teller vote of 168 to 165 to eliminate the title. These votes were taken while the bill was being considered in the Committee on the Whole House. Later the House retained the public housing title by a record vote of 209 to 204.

Not only was American Legion support of much help in securing passage of the Housing Bill, but the adoption of an amendment eliminating the time limit on veterans preference in occupancy of public housing units was a signal victory for the Legion. At our request, the amendment was offered and strongly advocated by Representative Olin E. Teague (Texas). Although there was a great deal of sentiment against giving veterans unlimited preference, the amendment was finally adopted by

a voice vote. As passed, it provides first preference to all families displaced by any project developed under the act and from any public housing project developed after January 1, 1947. In the displaced family category, priority would be given to (1) disabled veterans and their families; (2) widows of veterans; (3) other veterans and their families; and (4) all other displaced families. With families NOT in the displaced group, occupancy preference would be given to (1) disabled veterans and their families; (2) widows of veterans; and (3) other veterans and their families. There is no time limit on these preferences.

Principal provisions of S. 1070, as finally passed by the House, are:

1. A slum clearance program with the Government advancing \$1,000,000,000 in loans and an additional \$500,000,000 in grants to assist local communities in doing the job.

2. A low-rent housing program calling for construction of 810,000 units within the next 6 years, and committing the Federal Government to a \$308,000,000 maximum subsidy for 40 years.

3. A housing research program designed to improve construction and reduce costs.

4. Farm housing aids providing for loans and, in some cases, grants to improve and rehabilitate farm dwellings with the Federal Government commitment amounting to \$262,000,000. (Indications are that in the administration of this title veterans will be the principal beneficiaries.)

The major aims of S. 1070 are similar to or identical with the bill as passed by the Senate. The bill now goes to conference where differences, which are largely technical, are expected to be promptly reconciled.

STAMP ISSUE WILL HONOR GRAND ARMY'S LAST MEET

A commemorative postage stamp will be issued in honor of the 82nd and final encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Indianapolis, Indiana, August 28 through September 1. The stamp will be placed on sale first at Indianapolis at a date not yet announced, but probably on the first day of the encampment.

The G.A.R. was organized at Decatur, Illinois, on April 16, 1866, and each one of its less than a score surviving members is now more than 100 years old. At the conclusion of the 82nd annual meeting at Indianapolis the organization will be disbanded.

Assault on Vet Preference is Re-sisted — Favors Credit for Service of P.O. Employees

Bills were introduced in the House and Senate to carry out recommendations of the Hoover Commission on the Reorganization of Government Departments. H. R. 5151 and S. 2019 would create a Veterans Insurance Corporation to perform the functions now vested in the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, with respect to Government Life Insurance and National Service Life Insurance. Enactment into law of these bills would be a definite and important step in the direction of breaking up and reassigning to new or existent Government agencies activities now handled by the Veterans Administration. Such a step would be contrary to the long-established policy of The American Legion favoring the concentration of veterans affairs within the Veterans Administration.

H. R. 5182 and S. 2008 would consolidate hospital, medical and public health functions of the Government in a United Medical Administration. Their adoption could result in the scrapping of the entire veterans hospitalization program, as such. These and any other bills designed to divert activities from the Veterans Administration will continue to be opposed by the National Legislative Commission.

Veterans Preference

The Senate passed S. 115, introduced at the request of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The bill provides that all veterans must make a passing grade in Civil Service examinations before the 5- or 10-point credits are added. The Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee eliminated Section I of the bill, which would have made it necessary for veterans to have at least compensable disability (10%) to secure the 10-point credit in examinations for Federal employment. The following members of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee have been appointed as a subcommittee to consider S. 115: James C. Davis (Georgia), Chairman, Raymond W. Karst (Missouri), F. Ertel Carlyle (North Carolina), H. R. Gross (Iowa), and James S. Golden (Kentucky).

The following subcommittee has been appointed to consider the so-called Klein Bill, H. R. 2446: George P. Miller (California), Chairman; Raymond W. Karst (Missouri); Homer Thornberry (Texas); Eugene J. McCarthy (Minnesota); Harold C. Hagen (Minnesota); Robert J. Corbett (Pennsylvania); and Usher L. Burdick (North Dakota).

The Klein Bill, if enacted into law,

would cut the heart out of veterans preference laws and practically sabotage veterans preference in Federal employment. It provides that non-veteran employees with 7 years service would not be in competition, in reductions in force, with veteran employees having less than 7 years Federal employment. It also provides for absolute preference for certain disabled veterans.

It is urgently requested that members of The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary from the states, and particularly the Congressional Districts of the members of the foregoing two subcommittees, contact their members of the subcommittees, requesting their vigorous opposition to the Klein Bill, no matter how it may be amended, the Veterans of Foreign Wars bill, S. 115, and any other bills which would in any manner or form modify or weaken the Veterans Preference Act by taking from veterans any single benefit, regardless of how minor it may be, provided for veterans in Federal employment and retention. The National Legislative Commission will do everything possible to defeat all similar legislation.

Veteran Postal Employees

The House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service favorably reported H. R. 87 to permit certain postal employees and substitute postal employees to receive credit for military service. This bill, which carries out recommendations contained in a resolution passed by our 1946 National Convention, would give veterans the same status insofar as seniority and salaries are concerned in the postal service, as non-veterans who came into the postal service during the war years. In addition, postal employees who were employed prior to July 1, 1945, received a \$400 increase in pay, which veterans appointed subsequent to that date do not receive. A companion bill, S. 689, was favorably acted on by the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee, and is on the Senate Calendar. The National Legislative Commission presented testimony in support of both bills during hearings before the House and Senate Committees.

Un-American Activities

The House Committee on Un-American Activities, in a 151-page report, charged that the American-Slav Congress is a Russian weapon for subverting ten million Slavic Americans by pressure and both poisonous and lying propaganda. The report goes into much detail relative to the plans and activities of the Slav Congress and some of its leaders.

Investigating Communists and Communist activities in the District of Columbia, the Un-American Activities Committee is holding extensive hearings at which more than 200 witnesses are expected to be called.

The United States Court of Appeals upheld the House Committee on Un-American Activities in cases challenging its investigation methods. The Court ruled unanimously that the House Committee did not violate constitutional

rights when it demanded books, records, documents and correspondence of the National Federation of Constitutional Liberties. The decision upheld the conviction of George Marshall, Chairman of the Federation, who refused to deliver the records and who was convicted of contempt and sentenced to a \$500 fine and 3 months in jail.

The Court of Appeals dismissed the appeals of two film writers from contempt of Congress convictions. John Howard Lawson and Dalton Trumbo, two Hollywood writers, who refused to answer questions of the House Un-American Activities Committee, were convicted of contempt and each sentenced to one year and fined \$1,000, which is the maximum penalty for the offense. In denying the appeals, the Court reiterated its position in similar cases that the House Committee "has the power to inquire whether a witness is or is not a member of the Communist Party or a believer in Communism."

The Williams Committee approved for reporting to the House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service The American Legion-supported Bill, H. R. 1002, to require identification of Communist-front organizations to appear on matter sent or caused to be sent, by or from them through the mails, and to authorize the Attorney General to investigate to determine whether an organization is a Communist-front.

Readjustment Allowance

In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Legion's National Convention, held in Miami, Associate Legislative Director Robert R. Poston, and Ralph H. Lavers, Assistant Director of our National Economic Commission, testified before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare in support of legislation to extend the readjustment allowance (Title

PRESIDENT TRUMAN WILL SPEAK AT FIRST SESSION OF PHILA. NATIONAL CONVENTION



President Truman

delphia, Pa., at 3 p.m. on Monday, August 29.

The announcement was made through J. Monroe Johnson, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and long an active South Carolina Legionnaire, following a visit to the White House. The invitation to attend and address the Convention was extended by National Com-

President Harry S. Truman, appearing as President of the United States and as a Legionnaire, will address the opening session of the 31st annual National Convention of The American Legion in Philadelphia,

mander Perry Brown some weeks ago.

Highlighting the President's appearance before the Legion's national governing body will be presentation to him of The American Legion Distinguished Service Medal, which was awarded by the National Executive Committee at its meeting in May. This award, though established in 1921, has been conferred upon only 32 men.

President Truman has been a member of Tirey J. Ford Post No. 21, Independence, Mo., since 1919, and has served as Chairman and as a member of the Missouri delegation at many National Conventions. This will be his second appearance at the Legion's national meet as President and Commander-in-Chief. He attended and addressed the 30th annual Convention at Miami, Fla., last October, and after completing his address sat with the Missouri delegation for an hour.

V of the Servicemen's Readjustment Act). Assistant Director Lavers cited many facts and figures emphasizing the great need for extending the unemployment benefits, particularly due to the economic situation existing in the country today.

Terminal Leave

A subcommittee approved for reporting to the House Armed Services Committee, H. R. 540, providing terminal leave pay for certain officers of the Navy and Marine Corps. The bill would take care of officers who were in a Reserve status and transferred to the Regular Navy or Marine Corps prior to August 31, 1946, and who, as a result of a decision of the Comptroller General, lost all of the leave they had accrued when they transferred to the Regular Service.

National Defense

The President signed H. R. 2663, to provide for administration of the Central Intelligence Agency (Public Law 110—81st Congress). The law will permit the Central Intelligence Agency to do its hiring and spending in a secrecy not allowed to other Government agencies. It will also permit the Agency to bring into the country every year not exceeding 100 aliens who have helped intelligence operatives abroad, and authorizes the Agency to assign its agents to schools, industrial organizations, labor unions and other groups in this country for training.

Reserve Components

The President signed S. 213 to provide benefits for members of Reserve components of the armed forces who suffer disability or death from injuries incurred in active-duty training for periods less than 30 days or while engaged in inactive-duty training (Public Law No. 108—81st Congress).

Community "Self Help" Program Organized— Legion Sparks Drive On Local Economic Ills

A new community development program was launched by the Legion on Independence Day, which is designed to bring back to modern America the old pioneer spirit of self-reliance through "self help" in solving local economic problems.

The objective of this program is to create new jobs and housing in American cities and towns through the establishment of new business enterprises by organized community action everywhere to fill local needs and wants as determined by local consumer and family surveys. At the time the plan was made public National Commander Perry Brown announced the appointment of a Special National Advisory Committee composed of Legionnaires who are among the top leaders of national business and industry, to guide and counsel The American Legion in implementing its new program.

Ace Guidance Group

General Robert E. Wood, Chicago, Ill., Chairman of the Board of Directors of Sears Roebuck & Company, has accepted the chairmanship of the Advisory Committee. Working with him will be Franklin D'Olier, Newark, N. J., former President of the Prudential Life Insurance Company who served the Legion as its first National Commander in 1919-20, and E. V. Rickenbacker, New York City, President of the Eastern Air Lines, Inc., and foremost WW1 American ace.

Members of the Committee, so far as announced, are:

John L. MacNeil, Somerville, Mass., Vice President of First National Stores, who will have the New England area.

Thomas R. Jones, Elizabeth, N. J., President of the American Type Founders, Inc., New Jersey.

Roy W. Moore, New York City, President of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York.

Earl M. McGowin, Chapman, Ala., Vice President of W. T. Smith Lumber Company, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Tennessee.

John D. Ewing, Shreveport, La., President and Publisher of the Shreveport Times, Louisiana and Mississippi.

William Edward Levis, Toledo, Ohio, Chairman of the Board of the Owens-

Illinois Glass Company, Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio.

Price Daniel, Austin, Tex., State Attorney General, Texas.

John C. Vivian, Denver, Colo. former Governor, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah.

Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, Culver City, Cal., Hughes Aircraft Company, Arizona, Nevada and California.

Thomas S. Hammond, Chicago, Ill., Chairman of the Board of the Whiting Corporation, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Major General Hanford MacNider, Mason City, Iowa, President and General Manager of Northwestern States Portland Cement Company, and National Commander in 1921-1922, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North and South Dakota.

Purpose of Campaign

"The new American Legion program of community development is a program to build America at the grassroots," said Comander Brown. "All action will start with a community mass meeting, a sort of town hall session. At these public gatherings the home-town teams will be organized. This is a long range program. It came out of years of planning and researching by our National Economic Commission headed by Lawrence J. Fenlon of Chicago. We already have a workable blueprint for community action—the Legion has tested it at Burnet, Texas, and Austin, Minn. The program worked. If it worked at Burnet and Austin it can work everywhere else."

The plan will cast the 17,300 Posts of the Legion in the role of spark plugs to organize community action teams, representative of all elements. These home-town teams will make community consumer surveys to find out from every family what goods and services the people want. This information will be used to create jobs off the farms, build and improve farm markets and supply services, develop new businesses and improve community facilities. A special work kit has been prepared by the Legion for guidance of the teams, which is available from the Emblem Division at nominal cost.

ARCTIC CIRCLE POST HAS MEMBERS OVER THE WORLD

Officially known as George Arctic Circle Post No. 15, Department of Canada, this unusual Legion outfit actually operates from headquarters maintained by L. G. (Buck) Hedman at Grand Rapids, Minnesota. Its members are scattered over the world, in Persia, Arabia, England, Alaska, Hawaii, and a dozen States in the U.S.A.

Chartered in 1943 with headquarters

at Canol, Northwest Territory, Canada, which put it well within the Arctic Circle, the Post had a membership of more than 300, mostly WW1 vets. The members scattered at the end of the war, but the Post has been kept alive, mainly by correspondence—it is one outfit that elects its officers by a mail vote. The membership has dwindled to about 30.

The present officers are Ed Verduin, Commander, Paterson, New Jersey, and Buck Hedman, Adjutant and general factotum, Grand Rapids, Minnesota.

Hedman was further honored by being elected Vice Commander of the Department of Canada at the 1949 Convention at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Among the outstanding accomplishments of the Post while stationed at Canol was a contribution of \$3,500 to the President's infantile paralysis fund; sales of War Bonds in excess of \$250,000, and providing funds for the erection of a chapel for a friendly priest in the Far North.

SAFETY PROGRAM OF POST SETS PATTERN FOR CITY

A traffic safety activity initiated by Highland Park (Illinois) Post No. 135 in 1935 has expanded into a program adopted by the municipality, reports Chairman Edwin L. Gilroy, of the Traffic Commission. The program had its inception in a tragic local accident which brought realization to the Legion Post that a definite opportunity existed for community service.

Highland Park Post has promoted an annual Safety Week since 1935. The activities include a grammar school contest for motorists to have their cars checked for safety standards. The winning class room is awarded a Legion plaque at a public ceremony. Other features are poster contests, distribution of traffic safety booklets, and providing speakers for safety meetings.

School safety patrols are organized and brought to a high efficiency standard. Raincoats with Legion emblem on back are provided for the boys and girls of the patrols, and an annual Christmas party is given for all who participate in the work. Local newspapers give full publicity to all these events.

By 1940 the Legion's traffic safety activities and the value of its program led to the establishment of a City Traffic Commission and the practical adoption of the Legion program. A majority of the Commission are Legionnaires who have been actively promoting the Highland Park Post plan.

Through its public service, particularly in Americanism, youth activity, child welfare, Boy Scout sponsorship, the Post has built itself solidly into community life. Plans are well advanced for the construction of a permanent home, estimated to cost about \$125,000.

DANIEL O'LEARY, LEGION FIELD MAN, DEAD AT 62

Daniel O'Leary, 62, National Field Representative of the Legion for the Eastern New York area, died on June 15 at VA Hospital 81, the Bronx, after a short illness. He was a WW1 veteran, when he served as a pilot in the 806th Air Squadron, and was a Past Commander of the Legion Post at Glens Falls, New York, where he resided until about ten years ago when he became connected with the American Legion Field Service and removed to New York City. Interment was made at Glens Falls on June 17th.

★ ★ LEGIONITEMS ★ ★

Rabbi Benjamin Schultz was awarded the annual citation for Americanism by the New York County American Legion for "sterling patriotism, true humanitarianism, and firm religious conscience." He is executive director of the American Jewish League Against Communism. Previous annual awards have been made to Bernard Baruch and Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen . . . Lincoln-Lemington Post No. 697, Pittsburgh, Pa., presented a hero medal to Patrolman Asa A. Halliwell, member of the Post, for his distinguished service in capturing a burglar who had raided many homes in the Pittsburgh area. In addition, Legionnaire Halliwell earned commendatory editorials in the Smoky City newspapers.

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Back in 1944 the Salinas (California) Auxiliary Unit No. 31 established a Memorial Rose Garden in the City Central Park in honor of WW2 heroes. On Memorial Day a bronze plaque was dedicated, gift of the city, to further set apart the unique memorial. . . . The Legion of the District of Columbia entered a new field of public service over the Memorial Day week-end by sponsoring an art exhibit. Featured in the exhibit were 41 paintings by Leslie E. Lane depicting the American Military Cemeteries and their environs in the ETO. . . . Approximately 300 Legionnaires of St. Marys County gathered at Lexington Park, Maryland, on Memorial Day to join with John K. Fogarty Post No. 162 in dedicating a memorial to the war dead placed in front of the Frank Knox School.

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Donora (Pennsylvania) Post No. 212 was one of the first Legion units to erect a monument to the dead of WW1. On Memorial Day a new monument, dedicated to the dead of both World Wars, was unveiled. . . . Eugene Grafius Post No. 104, Montoursville, Pennsylvania, has dedicated a bronze plaque memorializing the 10 men of the community who died in WW1 and 19 men and one woman who made the supreme sacrifice in WW2. . . . For outstanding contribution in the field of fire prevention, Firefighters Post No. 102, Los Angeles, California, winner of the Warner Baxter Perpetual Fire Prevention Trophy, has given the cup into the custody of Chief John H. Alderson to be held until it is wrested away by some other outfit.

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Gordon Gale Post No. 99, North-Little Rock, Arkansas, has conducted 300 military funeral services for soldier and veteran dead. John R. Campbell, Spanish-American and WW1 veteran, is Chairman of the service squad. . . . Pete Jarman, Past Department Commander of the Alabama Legion and long a member of Congress, is the new U. S. Ambassador to Australia. . . . The Rhode Island

Legion Department is organizing a blood bank service to provide blood for all vets and members of their immediate families without charge. . . . The Georgia Legion Convention voted an award for distinguished service to U. S. Senator Walter F. George. An engraved citation and medal will be presented later.

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The American Legion in Mexico has presented a parchment Diploma of Honor to the Cuerpo Defensores de la Republica y sus Descendientes, as a testimony of friendship and emblem of unity between the armed forces of Mexico and the United States. The Cuerpo is formed by Mexican veterans and their descendants. . . . Following the tragic death of Kathie Fiscus in California, Musconetcong Post No. 278, Netcong-Stanhope, New Jersey, and Voiture 1361, 40 and 8, made a survey of its immediate area and found 25 open abandoned iron mine holes, and many old wells and cesspools unsafely covered. Result: A Legion Committee was appointed by the Mayor and given full authority to seal off all such hazards.

BRITISH LEGION HONORS AMERICAN SOLDIER GRAVE

As a symbol of comradeship and unity between the two Legions, representatives of the British Legion placed a wreath on the grave of Peter Lehman, in the American Military Cemetery at Cambridge, England, on Memorial Day. The young soldier who made the supreme sacrifice during WW2 was a son of Hon. Herbert Lehman, three times Governor of New York. Peter Lehman Post No. 1665, New York City, is named in his honor.

Back in 1920 when the first of the WW1 dead were being returned, Oscar H. Wilson of Richland Post No. 6, Columbia, South Carolina, began his patriotic habit of attending and assisting in the funerals. Twenty-nine years later he is still performing this service, and has a record of serving at 95 percent of the veteran burials in his area. He has held every office in his Post except Sergeant-at-Arms. . . . Claude M. Haygood, Legion Americanism Director for Alabama, reports the award of first prize to Alice Saxton, Hooper City high school, Sayreton, in the state-wide essay contest for Negro students on the subject "Opportunity America Offers Me." . . . L. A. Engle, Jr., Post No. 16, Bisbee, Arizona, held a special memorial service for the dead of W2 whose bodies were never recovered and, therefore, could not be returned. The funeral service was conducted according to ritual, and next of kin were given the U. S. flags which are

customarily presented after removal from the casket at burial. The service attracted wide attention.

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Carteret (New Jersey) Post No. 263 claims a record of leadership in community affairs. Post members this year have headed the drives for the National Fund for Infantile Paralysis, American Heart Association, Boy Scouts, Cancer, and a Legionnaire heads the annual Soap Box Derby, an important annual event in Carteret. The Post runs a bi-weekly Canteen for 'teen-agers, attended by an average of 225 high school students, and in addition sparks the patriotic observances in the home town. . . . Two memorials were recently unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, at Castlewellan, Ulster, Ireland—one in memory of 14 Castlewellan and Annsborough men who died in WW2, and the other in memory of the stay of the 141st Signal Corps, U. S. Army, near Castlewellan. The Royal Ulster Rifles and the British Legion joined in the ceremony.

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Allien Post No. 3, Vicksburg, Mississippi, broke ground on Memorial Day for a \$45,000 Post home and American Legion arena. . . . Santa Claus (Indiana) Post No. 254 is putting up a \$25,000 clubhouse, which will be the Santa Claus home of the country. This Post handles annually the letters written by children to Santa Claus—its mail jumped from 12,000 letters in 1938 to nearly 250,000 in 1948. . . . A clock memorial placed on the tower of the main barracks of The Citadel, Charleston, South Carolina, honors the WW2 dead of that famous old school. The clock was installed by Citadel Post No. 146, a Legion unit composed of veteran students, and was presented to General Charles P. Summerall, President, by Commander E. R. Sanders.

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Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post No. 1, Leonia, New Jersey, inaugurated a new manner of "Go-to-church Sunday" in its Department. Instead of asking its members to meet at a central place and go in a body, as in former years, each member was asked to attend his own church or temple with his family, then meet at the Legion house at 1 p. m. for an inter-faith luncheon. The plan was so successful that it will be made an annual event. . . . Eddie Waitkus, first sacker of the Philadelphia Phillies who was shot by a demented 19-year-old girl at Chicago, is a member of Francis P. Sullivan Post No. 358, Cambridge, Mass.

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Otho Morgan Post No. 17, Greenville, Texas, keeps constantly in the news, reports Legionnaire Raymond Gray, because it is always doing something—and to prove it he sends a swatch of newspaper clippings telling of the Post's youth activity program, award of school medals, sponsoring Boys' State citizens, marking graves, and other community projects. . . . Massachusetts Committee for National Defense held its "Minute Man Meetings" at Lexington and included a rally at the Minute Man monument on the Common.

THREE BOY SCOUT TROOPS SPONSORED BY W. VA. POST

Going all-out in its long-time youth activity program, Huntington (W. Va.) Post No. 16 sponsors three Boy Scout Troops, each one in a different section of its home city. Two of the Troops, 41 and 99, are old units; No. 88 is a new one organized to fill a special need. Each one of the units is completely manned by Legionnaires, reports H. E. Katsche, Scout Executive. Any other Three-Troop Posts ready to report?

LEGION LEADS NATION IN SCOUT GAINS FOR 3d YEAR

For the third successive year The American Legion, of all the civic organizations, has had the greatest net increase in Boy Scouting, according to an official report made by Thomas J. Keane, Boy Scout Director of Civic Relationships, to Dr. Arthur A. Schuck, Chief Scout Executive. It had the second largest increase of all organizations, church, school and civic, and had under sponsorship 3,686 Boy Scout units. This, according to the report, was an increase of 270 units over the previous year.

The Legion directs Boy Scout units, which includes Cub Packs, Boy Scout Troops, Sea Scouts and Senior Scouts, in every State, and in Hawaii and Alaska. Special Committees on Scouting are operating in 45 out of the 48 continental States. Director Keane's report is full and complete, breaking down the Legion participation in Scouting by States, and with comparative tables showing the phenomenal gains made since the close of WW2. Nevada, for instance, with 43 Posts has 21 active Scout units.

The report reveals the fact that California has the largest number of Legion-sponsored Scout units, with 388. It is followed by New York with 288, Illinois with 237, and Iowa with 219. The greatest increase in units in 1948 was made by Iowa with 30 and New York with 27.

Director Keane cites for special commendation for consistent performance the Departments of Nevada, Washington, California and Oregon. And for their all round program during the past year the Departments of Iowa, Alabama, West Virginia, Texas, New York, Tennessee, Vermont and Maryland.

In transmitting copies of the report to Legion Committees and leaders in Scouting, National Commander Perry Brown said: "At one time I was a leader in Scouting and because of this I have an intimate personal knowledge of the fine work being done in this program in the development of character and training for citizenship. It fits perfectly in with the Americanism program. No one can read this report without having a feeling of pride and satisfaction in the splendid results obtained by the Legion in the field of Scouting during the past three years."

JUNIOR WORLD SERIES TO BE PLAYED AT OMAHA, NEB.

The Little World Series, climaxing the 22nd consecutive season of American Legion Junior Baseball, will be played at Omaha, Neb., from August 31 to September 4. The four competing teams, representing the four sections, will vie for the national championship in the new Omaha Stadium.

The four teams which will do their stuff at Omaha will be the survivors of a starting field of more than 16,000 teams in 47 States, District of Columbia and Hawaii. The transportation of such a large number of teams around the country to the district, state, regional, sectional and final competitions poses a difficult problem. This year 110 rail movements, 96 Pullman movements, 10 bus movements and a two-way airplane movement are required to complete the tournament setup.

A trip to the first two games of the World Series as the guest of The American Legion is the capital prize awarded the winners in the Little World Series. Other prizes are given. The defending titleholder is the team representing Post No. 93, Trenton, New Jersey.

Tournament Dates Fixed

Junior Baseball tournaments within the Legion Departments are held the first week in August to determine the teams which will move on to the regional competition.

Regional competitions will be held as follows:

1. Augusta, Maine, August 14-17, for Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts.
2. Torrington, Conn., August 13-16, for New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey.
3. Parkersburg, W. Va., August 14-17, for West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia.
4. Kannapolis, N. C., August 15-19, for Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina.
5. Orangeburg, S. C., August 15-19, for Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina.
6. Little Rock, Ark., August 13-16, for Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas and Mississippi.
7. Bloomington, Ill., August 15-18, for Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio.
8. Mason City, Iowa, August 14-17, for Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma.
9. Aberdeen, S. Dak., August 13-16, for North and South Dakota, Wisconsin and Minnesota.
10. Hastings, Neb., August 14-17, for Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado and New Mexico.
11. Portland, Ore., August 12-15, for Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho and Hawaii.
12. Winslow, Ariz., August 14-17, for California, Utah, Nevada and Arizona.

Dates for Sectionals

Winners of the regional competitions will go almost immediately into the four sectional meets to determine the four competitors for the top honors to meet in the Omaha grand national finals August 31 to September 4.

"A" Trenton, N. J., August 20-22, to include Regions 1, 2 and 3.

"B" Sumter, S. C., August 22-25, to include Regions 4, 5 and 6.

"C" Rochester, Minn., August 21-23, to include Regions 7, 8 and 9.

"D" Yakima, Wash., August 21-23, to include Regions 10, 11 and 12.

HISTORY OF ARMY'S PART IN WWI BEING RELEASED

At long last, the official documentary history of the Army's effort in WW1 has been completed in 17 volumes and is now in process of printing. The first two volumes of *The U. S. Army in the World War 1917-1919* were released on July 4th, and are available at the office of the Superintendent of Public Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Volume 1 is priced at \$3 and Volume 2 at \$4. Prices of future volumes will be announced as issued.

1950 PRE-VUE ROLL CALL AT PHILLY CONVENTION

A Pre-Vue Roll Call of advance membership for 1950 will be a feature of the National Convention at Philadelphia. This roll call was re-established by action of the National Executive Committee at its May meeting, resuming a custom that was permitted to lapse during the war years. The high value of the roll call is that it gives each Department an opportunity to pledge an early membership to the newly elected National officers, which becomes something of a guide to the high authorities in making up the annual national budget. The top ten Departments fulfilling pledges made at the Philadelphia Convention will receive special awards.

KNOXVILLE FIRING SQUAD HAS SERVED 500 FUNERALS

A uniformed Firing Squad of 25 Legionnaires, organized by Knoxville (Tennessee) Post No. 2 in 1944, has conducted funeral services for more than 500 veterans and returned soldier dead. Of this number, 350 were held within the past 18 months. This Squad has had as many as 17 burials in one week, and on one occasion it had 7 in one day.

This record makes Knoxville Post's burial unit a strong contender for the Mancel Talcott Trophy for outstanding service in the return of the war dead program.

The unit was commanded by Harold Johnson until 1946; since that time it has been under the command of Ed C. Nuchols. In its organization it is almost equally divided between vets of WW1 and WW2.

LEGION PRESS MAKES NEW MEMBER RECORD FOR 1949

For the seventh consecutive year the American Legion Press Association has attained a new all-time high membership mark. On June 30 there were 572 members, representing 366 affiliated publications.

The A.L.P.A. has member papers in 47 Legion Departments. The annual meeting, always held during the National Convention, will be at the famous Palumbo's in Philadelphia on Sunday, August 28, announces Jack R. C. Cann, Secretary, whose office is in the Washington, D. C., branch of National Headquarters.

Arrangements have been made to make the Pen and Pencil Club, oldest newspaper club in America, the official headquarters for newspaper, television and radio correspondents, newsreel cameramen and still photographers covering the National Convention at Philadelphia. Special working facilities will be provided, and bus service to and from the convention hall will be made available.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

USS Birmingham—Albert Camargo, Ward 1, West, VA Hospital, Fort Custer, Mich., needs help of shipmates to prove his claim. All records lost at Okinawa in 1945. Particularly needs statements of Ships Cook 1/c B. C. Wolff, Baker 1/c Charles A. Newell, and Storekeeper 1/c A. Melhius.

Navy 3159, Samar, Philippines—Need statements of shipmates, particularly want to hear from Barberro, St. Louis; John Adams, Utah; Carver of Tennessee, or anyone else who was stationed with me in 1945. Oscar S. Davis, Jr., Marmet, W. Va.

Tallagi, South Pacific—Will the former Supply Sergeant (name believed to be Barton or Martin) on duty at this place in 1942, if he recalls injury of Mike Nanowski by being caught under a number of loaded oil drums, please write E. Oscar Smith, County Service Officer, P. O. Box 788, Bradenton, Florida.

97th Gen. Hosp., Banning, Cal.—Will Major Beck, Army doctor who operated on me for varicose veins in February, 1944, please write John A. Fossett, 3519 4th Ave., Chattanooga 7, Tenn.

Air Force, Attention—Melvin Breder, 204 N. 12, Hiawatha, Kans., needs assistance from service comrades to prove his claim. Two witnesses badly needed: Corp. Nathan D. McDougald, Texas, 47th MR&R, 91st ABG, 9th AAF, and Corp. Laurin D. Bachman, ex-Wichita, Kans., 314th Su. Sqdrn, 8th AAF.

USS Day (DE 225)—Paging CPO H. M. Hicks; please write, your statement needed. Robert W. Taylor, Route 3, Seneca, S. C.

USS Birmingham—Shipmates who served with me in "black gang" between April, 1917, and February 1919, please write. Statements needed to prove claim. Charles Gerald Lowe, 324 West Romana St., Pensacola, Fla.

Co. D, 393rd Engineer Special Service Regt.—Comrades having knowledge of hospitalization of Pfc. Harold O. Griggs while overseas, please write. Need help to establish claim for disabilities. Address Mrs. Harold O. Griggs, 2336 Schauk St., Columbus, Ga.

414th Coast Artillery (Iceland)—Need statements of men who served with me in this outfit, particularly George Sergeant, Coy Nabley, Harry Birdett and Johnson of Florida; also Captain Dean, Medical Corp. W. F. Dunaway, 1131 Third Ave., Chula Vista, Cal.

Co. F, 28th Engineers (WW1)—Ralph I. Miller, General Delivery, Silver City, New Mexico, needs statements from service comrades to establish his claim for disabilities.

USN Hospital Corps—Paging Robert Young, believed to be from Birmingham, Ala., who was stationed at St. Albans, N. Y. Need statement to support claim. Anthony Arnold, 41-11 30th Ave., Astoria 3, L. I., N. Y.

Co. G, 21st Inf. (WW1)—Will comrades (especially Lieut. Rockwell) who served from November, 1915, at Vancouver Barracks, to July, 1916, at Yuma, Ariz., please contact me. Need statements to complete claim. John Belt, 5815 Racine St., Oakland 9, Cal.

US Naval Air Station, Houma, La.—Needed to get in touch with Major French, USMC, Ret., or the doctor at above station about May and June, 1944. Need assistance in proving disabilities. Irvin S. Smith, Rt. 2, Box 154, Eureka Springs, Ark.

Tonopah Army Air Field—Anyone at this field in May, 1944, who remembers me, please write. Statements needed. Alfred W. Bernston, 204 E. Garden Ave., Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

ASTU 3918, Co. D, 4th Platoon, Aviation Cadet—Will "kid with black moustache" who pulled me from the University of California swimming pool in fall of 1943 when I slipped, struck my knee on concrete, please write me. Bruise and knee injury produced malignant tumor and caused amputation of leg. The VA wants proof! Sidney Blackman, 3104 N. 8th St., Tacoma, Wash.

US Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill.—Lieut. Nurses Lewis and "Red," W-29, during July and August, 1942, or anyone knowing their present whereabouts, please contact Harold J. Mellen, 121 Cross St., Lowell, Mass.

Hdqs. Battery, 631st F.A. Bn.—Will Capt. Jacob Burner, Sgt. Sam Lundstrom and Corp. James Steinwinder, all of above outfit in Italy, please contact me. I need help to establish my claim. Reid C. Pittenturf, 72 James Ave., Littletown, Pa.

304th Ordnance, Camp Sutton, N. C.—Will anyone who served with me at this station, 1942-43, please write. Need statements. J. Z. Mikulski, 96 Murray St., Binghamton, N. Y.

MOB 5, New Caledonia—While with "Casu 14" was wounded on Munda, July, 1943, and hospitalized at above station, under care of Dr. Carmandy. Important that I contact him; please write, or anyone who knows his address write me. Kenneth Putnam, 402 Grant Road, Mountain View, Cal.

Pvt. 1cl, Warden S. Donaldson, RFD 1, McLean, Va., (WW1)—Needs statements of Captain William Roberson, Pvt. Robert E. Lea,

and Wm. Berkner to prove injury and gassing near Montfaucon, France. Records lost when hospitalized at Angers.

Co. G, 313th Inf., 79th Div.—Will Lt. Robert Segal, MC, of Boston, Mass., who served at the 124th Hospital, England, in 1944, and Sgt. Bowers, squad leader of Co. G, 313th Inf., during September, 1944, in France, kindly contact former Sgt. Steve Sipos, Box 534, Jerome, Pa.

USS Watters (APD 8)—Need statements of former shipmates, particularly G. M. Fiddler and Ralph Kleason, both of California. Please write. Willard J. Worthington, Box 261, Cuero, Texas.

US Naval Hospital, Washington—Anyone who served with Norman E. Morrison, Hospital Apprentice 2, at above hospital, or at the Seamen's Quarters, Washington, between December 9, 1916 and January 8, 1917, please contact Mrs. Norman E. Morrison, P. O. Box 815, Babbitt, Nevada.

80th Chemical Mortar—Will men who served with my late husband, William Sanderson, in Leyte, Luzon and Mindanao, please write me. Am trying to establish service-connected disabilities in his case and need statements of his comrades. Names mentioned are Lt. Col. Phelps, Major R. M. Frost, and Capt. John Milor, MC. Mrs. William Sanderson, 742 Kippely St., Memphis 12, Tenn.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

1st Infantry Division—31st annual reunion of Society of the First Division at Philadelphia, Pa., August 26 and 27. Headquarters at Benjamin Franklin Hotel. Details from C. M. Eymmer, Executive Secretary, Box D, Ocean Beach Station, San Diego 7, California.

1st Cavalry Division Association—2nd annual reunion at Louisville, Ky., September 3 and 4. Write Col. Edmund P. Stone, P. O. Box 201, Pomona, California.

4th Cavalry Association—2nd annual reunion at Cleveland, Ohio, October 7 and 8; headquarters, Hotel Hollenden. Reservations and details from Charles V. Hunter, Chairman, Radio Station WJW, Playhouse Square, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, both WWs, at Providence, R. I., September 3-5. Headquarters at Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel. For information contact William Barton Bruce, Sr., Secretary, 48 Ayrault St., Providence 8, R. I.

28th (Keystone) Infantry Division—19th annual reunion at Lebanon, Pa., August 4-6, headquarters at Hotel Weimer. Write Howard Wheeler, National Adjutant, 4525 York Road, Philadelphia 40, Pa.

43rd (Winged Victory) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Fort Varnum, Narragansett Pier, R. I., September 9-11. Information and reservations from George E. Cole, State Armory, Hartford 6, Conn.

34th (Red Bull) Infantry Division—3rd annual reunion at Minneapolis, Minn., September 10 and 11; headquarters at Hotel Nicolet. Vets both WWs. Division history will be available at the meeting. For information write Brigadier General P. C. Bettenburg, National Guard Armory, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

80th (Blue Ridge) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Richmond, Va., August 4-7; headquarters, John Marshall Hotel. For details write Glenn E. Jordan, 2721 Ferndall Avenue, Richmond 22, Va.

81st (Wildcat) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Roanoke, Va., September 2-5. Both WWs. For information write Wildcat Reunion Committee, Hotel Hillsboro, Raleigh, N. C.

84th Infantry Division—4th annual reunion of the Railplitter Society at Chicago, Ill., August 22-24; headquarters at Congress Hotel. For information and reservations write Railplitter National Headquarters, Box 282, Washington 4, D. C.

89th (Rolling W) Infantry Division—30th anniversary reunion at Kansas City, Mo., September 3-4. For information write E. W. Scott, Secretary, 2737 So. Bannock Street, Englewood, Colo.

91st Infantry Division Assn.—31st annual reunion at San Francisco, Cal., September 23-25. Banquet and show on 24th, Scottish Rite Auditorium. Headquarters, Room 128, Veterans Building. For details write Peter Leffert, Chairman, 630 Vienna St., San Francisco 12, Cal.

101st (Screaming Eagle) Airborne Division—4th annual reunion at Columbus, Ohio, September 2 and 3; headquarters at the Neil House, where all sessions will be held. "It's a natural you can't miss."

2nd Army Hdqs. Co. and Hdqs. Detachment—Reunion planned to be held at Memphis, Tenn., Sunday, October 16. Write Jack O'Neill, Paul Mummert or L. Goodman, 855 Lane Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

3rd Army Hdqs., Hdqs. Det., Hdqs. Co., and Special Troops—1st reunion at Hotel Continental, Kansas City, Mo., September 7-9. Contact General Chairman, Richard F. Hughes, P. O. Box 261, Carroll, Iowa.

55th Artillery A.E.F. Vct. Assn.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., October 14 and 15, at Hotel Manger. For information write Frederick D. Higgins, Sr., 161 Bunker Hill Street, Charlestown 29, Mass.

689th Ordnance Ammunition Co.—3rd annual reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., September 3-5. Address inquiries to Joe Margaglio, 6368 Burchfield Ave., Pittsburgh 17, Pa. New York and New Jersey vets write Salvador Mirabelli, 3741 102nd St., Corona, N. Y.

Co. E, 161st Infantry—5th annual reunion at Pullman, Wash., September 17. Reservations for free lodging and transportation while in Pullman may be made. Write Carlyle Ragsdale, Box 113, College Station, Pullman, Wash.

773rd Tank Destroyer Bn.—Reunion planned; interested vets write Colonel Frank G. Spiess, Military Dept., State of Louisiana, Jackson Barracks, New Orleans 12, La.

91st Chemical Mortar Bn. Assn.—4th annual reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., August 20; headquarters, Roosevelt Hotel. Write Jos. R. McGee, 418 Maple St., Springdale, Pa., for info.

Co. H, 136th Inf., 34th Div.—3rd annual reunion at VFW Club rooms, Mankato, Minn., September 11. Information and details from Oscar Blackstad, Mankato, Minn.

39th Engineers, (WW1)—25th annual reunion at Clarksburg, W. Va., October 14-16; headquarters, Stonewall Jackson Hotel. Details from Charles M. Karl, Secretary, 11640 Princeton Avenue, Chicago 28, Ill.

588th Signal Depot Co.—Annual reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., August 12-14; headquarters at Roosevelt Hotel. Write D. A. Sweet, 6235 Vetter Place, Pine Lawn 20, Mo.

Co. E, 145th Inf. (WW2)—Annual reunion at Ashland, Ohio, August 6-7. Write Joseph O. Morehead, 422 S. Lisbon St., Carrollton, Ohio, for details.

302 U.S. Naval Construction Bn.—Reunion at Hotel New Yorker, New York City, August 19-21. For information write Harry W. Price, Jr., 135 West 3rd Street, Lewistown, Pa.

319th Field Signal Bn.—Reunion at Sunset Park on Route 44, between Canton and Alliance, Ohio, September 4. J. W. Robe, Secretary, 605 S. River Street, Newcomerstown, Ohio, will furnish details.

718th Railway Operating Bn. Vet. Assn.—3rd annual reunion at Hotel Seelbach, Louisville, Ky., August 5-7. Write Lee H. Benner, 131 N. 2nd Street, Beechgrove, Ind., for information.

World Wars Tank Corps Assn.—Annual reunion and banquet at Philadelphia, Pa., August 28-September 1. Contact Brigadier General Norman Randolph, Apt. B-201, The Wyndon, Wynnewood, Pa., for further information.

USNH, Seattle, Wash.—Annual reunion for personnel, Chicago, Ill., September 4th. For details write Judy Allworth Amundsen, 918 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

622nd Port Co.—3rd annual reunion at Rochester, N. Y., September 3-5. Write Lawrence J. Polizzi, 19 Allow Place, Rochester 5, N. Y.

60th Sea Bee Bn.—Reunion at Elks Glamorgan Castle, Alliance, Ohio, September 4. Write William Meltzer, Rural Delivery 2, Lincoln Park, Alliance, Ohio.

USS Cavalier (APA 37)—Shipmates contact Paul DeRito, 46 Tracy Ave., Waterbury, Conn., for purpose of completing arrangement for national club and reunion.

USS Quincy (CA 71)—Former crew members interested in meeting in first reunion write Lloyd Paterson, 2121 16th St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

713th Railway Operating Bn.—Reunion at Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, August 19-20. Write Marvin Krinke, Secretary, 1200 LaFord, St. Paul 4, Minn.

Battery C, 158th F.A.—Reunion at Perry, Okla., September 15 and 16. For information write Archie Marshall, Secretary, Box 171, Perry, Okla.

501st Chemical Storage Co. (Avn)—All personnel stationed at Mitchell Field, N. Y., in 1942-44 and sub-bases, write Clyde Jennings, C/o Deauville Bags, Inc., 31 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y., or Joseph G. Frankau, 196 Sherbrook Blvd., Upper Darby, Pa. Purpose to complete plans for reunion in St. Louis.

144th Infantry Reunion—Reunion set for June 18-19 at Fort Worth, Tex., postponed until September 17-18 because of floods in city and NG camp period. All members NG and wartime Regiment write Dub Ray, Secretary, P. O. Box 805, Fort Worth 1, Tex., for details and arrangements.

139th F.A., 38th Division (WW1)—24th annual reunion at Hotel Van Orman, Fort Wayne, Ind., October 1-2. For information write Dr. Harry H. Nagle, 4117 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Battery A, 356th F.A. Bn., 94th Division—Con-nive Able Artillerymen will hold reunion in New York in 1950. Write Al DePizzo, 938 Pacific St., Brooklyn 16, N. Y., for details and exact date.

21st Engineers Light Railway Society (WW1)—28th annual reunion, and 4th reunion of Ladies Auxiliary, at Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., September 24th. For complete details write J. H. Brooks, Secretary-Treasurer, 2410 So. Harrison St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

128th Machine Gun Bn.—Annual reunion on Sunday, August 7, at Nevada, Mo. Bring basket dinner. Write Walter E. Braswell, 228 E. Sycamore, Nevada, Mo.

107th Evacuation Hospital Assn.—3rd annual reunion at Hotel Bradford, Boston, Mass., Sep-

(Continued on page 36)

LEGION POSTS WILL HAVE FORMS FOR NSLI DIVIDEND

The Veterans Administration has advised the Legion's National Rehabilitation office in Washington that all VA Regional Offices will have a sufficient supply of National Life Insurance dividend application blanks to furnish Legion Posts some time during the month of August. Legion Posts will assist in the general distribution to eligible veterans, and will also assist in filling out the simple form. In addition, blanks will be available at the postoffice in each community.

The application forms have been reduced to the simplest form possible, and most veterans will not need assistance in making out and filing their application for their part of the \$2,800,000,000 surplus now almost ready to be paid back to policyholders. It is a three-part card on which proper identifying data is entered, one part of which is retained by the veteran. The VA acknowledges receipt by returning the second part, while the first part is retained for processing the claim. If all goes well, checks will start rolling out early in 1950.

Veterans are advised to get their applications in as early as possible—but to refrain from writing the VA about it. Once in, the application will take its due course and letters of inquiry will serve only to delay the process.

SOUTH DAKOTA TOPS WITH RECORD HIGH MEMBERSHIP

Although 17 of the 58 Legion Department have enrolled their 1949 quotas assigned by National Headquarters, only South Dakota has achieved the distinguished record of rolling up a new all-time high membership. With a quota of 20,988 South Dakota under the leadership of Department Commander K. D. Munro of Wilmot, has turned in (and paid for) 29,451 member cards for 1949 for a record 140.32 percent of quota.

Alaska, Arizona, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Mexico, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Philippine Islands, Vermont and Wyoming are the 16 other Departments that have filled their quotas. Six other Departments, Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Wisconsin, are within striking distance of the fixed goal with more than 90 percent of their assigned quotas reported. West Virginia is just under the line with 43,629 members, or 89.96 percent of the assigned quota.

The Illinois Legion has 1,138 Posts, 396 of which are in Cook County (Chicago). On July 1st the total Department membership was 221,000—(83,600 in Cook County)—and an intensive drive was being made to reach the quota of 235,860 before the books close for the fiscal year on July 26.

ARKANSAS LEGION SETS UP OWN REHAB. SERVICE UNIT

The Arkansas Department of the Legion has established and will operate its own rehabilitation division through its Department Headquarters, beginning on July 1. On the same date it discontinued use of the facilities of the State-supported Arkansas Veterans' Service Office.

This decision was made by unanimous vote of the Department Executive Committee at a special meeting, and was made on recommendation of the Department Policy Committee which had been directed to study means of financing "an independent rehabilitation service for all veterans, their widows, orphans and other dependents, free of State politics and patronage."

The Policy Committee's report was made by Sam Rorex, a member, representing Floyd White, Chairman, of Blytheville, who was unable to attend.

FATHER JOE WOLF IS DEAD, PAST NATIONAL CHAPLAIN

Reverend Joseph L. N. Wolf, aged 67, Rector of St. Gregory's Church, Philadelphia, died at St. Joseph's Manor, Meadowbrook, Pa., on June 27. Active in The American Legion since its organization, Father Wolf had served as Department Chaplain of Pennsylvania; as the first National Aumonier of the 40 and 8, and as National Chaplain of the Legion in 1926-27 under the administration of National Commander Howard P. Savage. With the 28th Division in WW1 he earned the title of "Pennsylvania's Fighting Chaplain" with the 109th Infantry, and was twice cited for bravery under fire. He was chaplain of the Pennsylvania Guard in WW2 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Burial was made on July 1 in the Priest's Circle, Holy Cross Cemetery, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

MAY 31, 1949

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit...	\$ 976,677.98
Receivable	173,740.87
Inventories	516,636.77
Invested Funds	959,265.96
Permanent Investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	248,322.91
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	1,038,948.39
Real Estate, less depreciation ..	557,744.13
Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment, less depreciation	283,297.16
Deferred Charges	100,627.09
	<u>\$4,855,261.26</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 320,140.99
Funds Restricted as to use ...	271,389.88
Deferred Revenue	1,251,204.72
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund ..	248,322.91
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund ..	<u>1,038,948.39</u>
	1,287,271.30
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital	750,128.90
Unrestricted Capital	<u>975,125.47</u>
	<u>\$1,725,254.37</u>
	<u>\$4,855,261.26</u>

CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT LEGION EVENTS IN AUGUST

- 4-6 Oregon Department Convention, Salem
- 4-6 Utah Department Convention, Cedar City
- 5-6 Hawaii Department Convention, Hilo
- 5-7 Texas Department Convention, Fort Worth
- 5-7 Oklahoma Department Convention, Tulsa
- 5-7 Missouri Department Convention, St. Louis
- 5-7 Virginia Department Convention, Danville
- 5-8 Illinois Department Convention, Chicago
- 6-8 Ohio Department Convention, Columbus
- 6-9 Indiana Department Convention, Fort Wayne
- 8-10 Iowa Department Convention, Des Moines
- 10-13 Pennsylvania Department Convention, Pittsburgh
- 11-13 Nevada Department Convention, Las Vegas
- 11-14 Minnesota Department Convention, St. Paul
- 12-14 Wisconsin Department Convention, Milwaukee
- 13-15 Kansas Department Convention, Wichita
- 13-17 California Department Convention, Long Beach
- 15 VJ Day
- 17-20 Maryland Department Convention, Baltimore
- 29-Sept. 1 31st Annual National Convention, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

(Continued from page 35)

tember 9-11. Write Giles A. Laughrea, Jr., 23 Otis St., Watertown 72, Mass., for details and information.

2511th Service Company Unit, Fort Meyer, Va. and 150th and 151st Composite Cos. — 1st reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., August 19-21. For details write Miss Marion Disque, 219 North Sprague Ave., Kingston, Pa.

USS Pocahontas (WW1) — Members interested in reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, August 29-September 1, write Charles A. Hosey, 3610 First Road South, Arlington, Va., or R. Fairley Morris, Box 117, Maxton, N. C.

113th Engineers Assn. — Reunion at Noblesville, Ind., September 25-26. Write Charles M. Bell, Secretary-Treasurer, 321 S. Main St., Tipton, Indiana.

Co. F, 310th Ammunition Train — 2nd annual reunion Sunday, August 21st, at Ray Gallup's home, Lyons, Ohio. For information write Carl Schweikert, R5, Allegan, Mich.

315th Infantry Assn. — Annual reunion at Casa Conti Cafe, Weldon, Pa., Saturday evening, November 5. Details from Alexander Kun, President, 1840 South St., Philadelphia, Pa.

USS Mount Vernon Assn. (WW1) — 31st annual reunion and dinner at Boston Yacht Club, Rowes Wharf, Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass., Saturday, September 10. Write Lawrence A. Sands, Shipwright, 18 Symmes St., West Medford 55, Mass.

608th Tank Destroyer Bn. — Reunion at American Legion Hall, Bowling Green, Ohio, July 31. Contact Frank Britt, 505 S. Maple St., Bowling Green, for lunch reservations and details of meet.

622nd Ordnance Ammunition Co. — Annual reunion at Hotel York, St. Louis, Mo., September 3-4. Information and reservations from E. L. Burianek, Rt. 1, Warrenville Rd., Downers Grove, Ill.

Both charter members of Marshall Field Post No. 11, Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Gay have received their Thirty-Year Membership cards. Legionnaire Gay, MM 1cl, in Uncle Sam's Navy, and Mrs. Gay, Yeoman (F) 1cl, are WW1 vets. He commanded his Post back in 1923.

Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

August, 1949

NSLI DIVIDENDS SET FOR JANUARY: Good news for all WW2 vets who carried GI Insurance came out of Washington in late June when VA Administrator Carl R. Gray, Jr., broke the long silence and gave the first authoritative word on what policy-holders may expect in the way of the long-promised dividends....Payment of \$2,800,000,000 of the surplus (some \$800,000,000 more than usually estimated) is authorized on approximately 20,000,000 policies, in which some 16,000,000 vets will share....Some servicemen had more than one policy....Administrator Gray said he "hoped distribution of the checks could be started some time in January, 1950, and be substantially completed during the first half of the year". ...But, in the meantime, annoyed by the long delay some members of Congress are pressing for quicker service....Representative Kenneth B. Keating, (New York), who thinks payment should have been made two years ago, has introduced a bill to have VA move up payment date to October 15....Representative Errett P. Scrivner, (Kansas) demands that checks be sent out before Christmas....VA says payment cannot start at once because help must be hired and trained for the paper-work job.

Who is eligible and why: Generally, every veteran who took out NSLI and kept it in force for three months will be on the receiving end of a dividend check....Each policy-holder will share in the melon in proportion to amount paid in during the period from date of issuance to the anniversary date of the policy in 1948....Policies issued in 1949 may share in a later distribution, Administrator Gray indicated....Individual calculations will be made for each policy, therefore the amount of payment cannot be fixed by an arbitrary rule, factors of age, number of payments made, etc., must be considered in each case....Dividend payments may run as high as \$500 for younger vets who had policies in force the full period from October, 1940, until October, 1948....Unofficially it is estimated that the average will be about \$140 to each person....In cases where eligible policy-holders have died, the beneficiary of the policy (if the insurance was in force), or to those shown to be entitled in case the insurance was lapsed, will receive the check.

Application forms ready in August: The approved form of application is being printed and it is planned to make them available in August....The form is a simple one, consist-

ing of a 3-fold card upon which the veteran writes his full name, service number, insurance policy numbers, and his address....He keeps one-third of the card, which contains the instructions, and mails the other two parts to the VA, where the application part is retained and the return acknowledgment section is properly stamped with date of receipt and mailed back to the veteran. ...This serves as notice that the application has been received and has been placed in line for processing....Any further letter-writing will only serve to delay payment....The application cards will be sent to every post office, veterans service organization, and VA office just as soon as available....Every interested vet -- and that includes just about all who wore the uniform in WW2 -- should keep in touch with his Legion Service Officer.

* * * *

COURT LIMITS GI JOB SENIORITY: The U. S. Supreme Court has held, unanimously, that a new collective bargaining contract could take precedence over a veteran's peacetime seniority under the GI Bill of Rights. ...This decision vitally affects thousands of veterans and may require legislation to strengthen the re-employment part of the 1948 Selective Service Act....The decision involved three veterans at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in California who returned to their jobs after the war under the provision of the Selective Service Act of 1940, guaranteeing return "without loss of seniority."...During the war the union representing Lockheed employees obtained a contract that gave union chairmen in some departments seniority over the workers, no matter how long the service....The three veterans, within a year after return, were among the victims of a general lay-off, but union chairmen with less seniority were kept on the job....The case was first heard in the Los Angeles Federal District Court, then in the Federal Circuit Court in San Francisco, both of which decided in favor of the veterans....The Supreme Court reversed the decisions of the two lower courts, upholding the contention of the union that seniority had changed as a result of the wartime contract, entered into after the men involved had gone into service.

* * * *

KNOW YOUR RE-EMPLOYMENT RIGHTS: WW2 vets who are wondering about seniority and other benefits they may have under the Selective

Service Act of 1940 in event of lay-offs and other adjustments in labor forces, will be interested in two pamphlets issued by the Bureau of Veterans' Re-employment Rights. ..."Field Letter No. 9" on the subject of layoffs, and "Question and Answer Handbook" will be helpful to interested veterans and to Post Service Officers. ...Write Robert K. Salyers, Director, Bureau of Veterans' Re-employment Rights, 7318 Labor Department Building, Washington 25, D. C.

* * * *

POW CLAIMS GIVEN FUNDS: The First Deficiency Appropriation Bill, signed by President Truman, appropriated \$75,000 for the War Claims Commission authorized under Public Law 896, 80th Congress. ...But the President has not as yet appointed the Commission. ...However, some intent to effectuate the Act is indicated in his request for \$525,000 for administrative expenses of the War Claims Commission for 1950. ...Under the War Claims Act some 70,000 to 100,000 claims of prisoners of war in WW2 are to be reviewed and acted upon. ...Former POWs are entitled to \$1 for each day in which they received sub-standard diet while in enemy hands. ...The newly passed appropriation bill makes seized enemy assets generally available to pay the claims, which are expected to reach \$60 to \$65 millions. ...A separate Act also signed by the President extends the deadline for filing claims under the original Public Law 896 until March 1, 1951 -- but there is as yet no place to file them.

* * * *

STATE BONUS NEWS NOTES: The Washington State bonus is taking its bumps in the court again. ...Approved by the voters at the 1948 election, the bonus proposal was held unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court. ...The Legislature tried again and brought out another bonus law, and this one has one strike against it by a decision of the Superior Court, which held that the new law is unconstitutional because it did not remedy the defect found by the Supreme Court to exist in the first measure. ...The Superior Court action, reports Assistant Attorney General Lyle L. Iversen, was a necessary preliminary to getting the cause before the Supreme Court for final action, and is therefore not the ruling decision. ...Payment of the bonus is restrained pending disposition of the case by the highest State court. ...In Iowa, the bonus goes marching on -- the Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of the amendment approved by the voters last November. ...Applications for the bonus are pouring into the WW2 Service Compensation Board, Des Moines. ...One Legion Service Officer, Art Sunderbruch of Davenport Post No. 26, completed more than 1,500 applications during the month of May. ...Rhode Island, under its original bonus law, completed payment on applications received up until December 31, 1947. ...The deadline has been extended to October 31, 1949, by the Legislature. ...Rhode Island vets who have not received their \$200

bonus should write War Bonus Board, 1051 N. Main Street, Providence 4, R. I., for application blank. ...State your branch of service when writing. ...Missouri defeated a WW2 bonus proposal at the 1948 election; it could not weather an unpopular sales tax provision tacked on. ...Now the State Legislature is trying again -- the bonus referendum passed the House almost unanimously, and is being mulled over by the Senate as this Newsletter is closed. ...In place of the unpopular 1 cent sales tax, the proposal calls for a bond issue to be paid off by increased taxes on tobacco, liquor, beer, amusement devices, 2 percent corporation tax and 4 percent intangible tax...

* * * *

WW2 CERTIFICATES UNCLAIMED: Almost a million men and women who were awarded decorations in WW2 have not yet claimed their Certificates of Award. ...Included in this group are about 4,300 who are eligible for the Distinguished Service Cross Certificate, while more than 7,000 are entitled to the Silver Star. ...Certificates of Award for 19,000 Legion of Merit, 12,000 for Soldiers' Medals, 36,000 for Bronze Stars, and 568,000 for the Purple Heart are due American veterans and await their request. ...Eligible veterans should send requests for such certificates to The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington 25, D. C.. ...The application should contain information as to the number, date and headquarters of the General Order awarding the decoration, and the complete citation, if available. ...Next of kin are eligible to receive the certificates for decorations awarded posthumously. ...Legion Post Service Officers will be glad to assist decorated veterans get these certificates.

* * * *

TO RETURN CAPTURED U. S. FLAGS: Reciprocating the action of the Legion's National Executive Committee in requesting Congress to enact a Legion-sponsored bill calling for the return to Mexico of battle flags captured in the war of 1846-48, General Candido Aguilar, Commander of the Mexican Legion of Honor, has announced that this veterans organization will seek return of United States flags captured by the Mexican Army in the same war as soon as our Congress votes return of the Mexican flags. ...One of the captured United States flags is on public display in the National Historical Museum and others are in glass cases in the Legion of Honor's headquarters.

* * * *

ILLINOIS BONUS NOT FOR REMARRIED: The Illinois Supreme Court has upheld the contention that remarried widows of servicemen are not entitled to the \$900 State bonus. ...The Act made no mention of a remarried widow. ...The Illinois Legion took the position that a widow lost her moral right to the bonus when she remarried and that the bonus properly belonged to the next of kin. ...Some 3,000 widows who had married again had filed claims.

ARE WE BIG ENOUGH FOR OUR JOB?

(Continued from page 21)

Now let us see how we have been measuring up to our enormous task on the rehabilitation front alone. Never, in the past, have we given more service than we do today. But never, since our organization was fully set up, have we given *less service Nationally in proportion to the amount needed*. Our job has grown faster than we have.

Perhaps no piece of evidence packs a more double-barreled wallop than the story of the Legion's rehabilitation work in the Los Angeles area. There the local program of the Department of California spends more money and does more work in veterans' service than our entire National Rehabilitation program.

Similarly, Posts, Districts, Departments and State service bureaus across the land shoulder their own service work. It is supported by our membership, though many of us know little of the details of the great work and great burden we sponsor. Did you know that even state-supported veterans' bureaus channel their top appeal cases through our Washington office? Likewise all the Legion's greatly expanded Department and local programs funnel their difficult cases through our expert but short-handed National Rehabilitation office, which has not grown in proportion and is becoming a bottleneck to the service work below the national level.

The terrifying aspect of the Los Angeles story is its revelation of how far short of our goal we are nationally. A Legion Department in one large metropolitan area has found work to do there which outstrips the capacity of our National Rehabilitation Commission, whose beat is the entire nation!

Yes, today, nationally, though we have grown our task has grown more—and *we no longer measure up to it*. I want every Legionnaire to know this, and to know why we are slipping behind in our most important work, and what can be done about it.

Twenty-five years ago we saw that our national rehabilitation work must be adequately financed. Our members and the general public contributed to a five million dollar fund whose earnings were to carry the major work of our National Rehabilitation and Child Welfare programs. Over a period of many years this money earned interest in the neighborhood of 6% while we served a veteran population of about four million. Today that fund is still intact and we have added two million to it. It will remain intact—for we may not touch the principal. But it earns roughly 2% and we serve a veteran population of over eighteen million!

Because of our own GI Bill we now handle many more claims per hundred veterans. Once our main work was with the needy, the sick and the disabled. To that we have cheerfully added the processing of many other kinds of claims. With the passage of each piece of beneficial legislation our work-load per living veteran has grown.

Now our rehabilitation staffs are groaning under a work-load out of all propor-

tion to their capacity. *We are falling behind today!* Our leap to three million members has been largely responsible for our ability to increase our national rehabilitation staff by 75% in the last eight years. But during the same time the VA has increased its staff 460%. Our claims work is geared to the same ratio as that of the Veterans Administration.

A special committee, headed by Past National Commander Edward A. Hayes, has for many months been working closely with our National Rehabilitation Commission to resolve the present emergency on our rehabilitation front. I have an early report of this committee before me and I want you to read two significant passages:

"We regret to acknowledge the fact that the Rehabilitation Commission *has not* been able to properly do its job because of lack of efficient help precipitated by insufficient funds. VA claims load has increased from 610,122 in 1940 to 2,315,039 in 1948. Our increase in work load at least equals that proportion . . .

" . . . To maintain the present rehabilitation service we have been 'dipping' into every available unrestricted fund. *We are now scraping the bottom of the barrel.*"

We are all ashamed that today your Post Service Officer must *buy* the Manual for Post Service Officers issued by the National Rehabilitation Commission. We are not in a financial position to *give* it to him, as we should, without subtracting the cost from other phases of the program which are actually serving veterans. Nor can we today supply your Post Service Officer with many essential bulletins which would help him with his day to day volunteer work.

The claims load on our rehabilitation staff is backing up every day because the job is too big for the size of our staff and the amount of secretarial help we have.

What this all means is that if we con-

tinue as we have been going, without interference of any sort, we must soon back down on our main mission. Not only has our job grown faster than we have, not only have we reached the limit in searching for extra funds from present sources, but every item of cost has gone up steadily since War Two—as every reader well knows. But we have not raised our National dues since 1919.

Meanwhile we are meeting interference which complicates our job even more. Last month in this magazine I warned of a fight which is rapidly shaping up over veterans' benefits. I hope every Legionnaire has read that article.

In whatever struggle lies ahead the Legion will champion the veteran, and fight the battle to the limit of its finances and its influence.

To do our job we need more manpower. We need it to do our work and to fight our fights. We need it for what it means financially and for the influence in behalf of veterans which goes with numerical strength.

In other words the strength and success of The American Legion lies today as it always has in the bedrock of membership. In terms of the task which confronts us our membership, large as it is, is woefully short. The solution of our present dangerous crisis lies squarely in the hands of each Post, of each member. Our commissions and our employes and our officers can give all their time and whatever ability God gave them, *but so long as three million Legionnaires carry the ball for a total veteran population of eighteen million our program is in danger for lack of support.*

There are two things each Legionnaire can do which could mean the difference between succeeding and failing.

The first of these is to renew his own membership each year *ahead of time*. Our annual membership drives usually



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

aim at 95% renewals paid up by Thanksgiving. Perhaps not many have realized what it would mean if 1950's dues were paid by every member on or before this coming Armistice Day. It would simplify the planning of your Post, of your Department and of your National Organization. So long as renewals trickle in from November to April none of our unit parts is ever sure of its financial status in time

to plan the year's work most efficiently. Even more important, if all renewals were made before Armistice Day by every Legionnaire, your Post's membership committee would be free to devote its entire effort toward enlisting the new members who are so urgently needed for our great work, and so would the Department and National membership committees. They would be spared their annual

drive for renewals of present members. Nor is that all. Whatever his intentions, the later each member renews each year the less he means to the strength of the organization. Anti-veteran lobbyists and propagandists, now busy on many fronts, have already used slow renewals as a weapon against veterans — for they convincingly interpret slow renewals as lack of interest in the veterans' program. Re-

FACTS ABOUT THE SCOPE AND COST OF AMERICAN LEGION CLAIMS WORK

Unseen by most Legionnaires is the daily work of the National organization, the 58 Departments and more than 17,000 Posts. Below is a sampling of the claims work alone which Legionnaires support

Here are some meaningful figures about the claims services rendered veterans and their dependents by The American Legion.

The American Legion outstrips all other agencies in veterans service. As of April, 1949, there were 1,715 Legion service workers accredited to represent veterans before the Veterans Administration. Next largest representation was held by the American Red Cross with 376 accredited representatives.

The Legion's National Rehabilitation staff of 70 persons, a figure which includes the various specialists and all their secretarial and clerical help, handled 89,000 veterans claims in 1948.

The great majority of these 89,000 claims were the tough cases and last appeals, handed up from the Departments. Most of them required many man-hours of investigation, study, advice and argument.

In connection with these cases and with the other work of this staff, the mail load alone of the 31 staff members in the Washington office was 60,160 letters received in 1948 and 71,226 letters written.

Other work of the same staff included sessions on policy and practice with VA officials, reviews of VA practices in the field, testifying before Congressional committees on veterans affairs, many man-hours of gathering and organizing the facts to be testified upon. It included preparation of manuals and bulletins for Legion service workers in the field, and the record-keeping which makes these figures available.

To finance these and other duties of the National Rehabilitation staff The American Legion spent all the current revenue available for its national rehabilitation program. The revenue was \$231,536.84, and it was far short of what was needed to carry the minimum program. The actual bill was \$409,632.28.

The source of the actual revenue (\$231,536.84) was as follows:

From general revenue (national dues, American Legion Magazine earnings, Emblem Sales Division profits and other general revenue sources) \$88,852.06.

From earnings of the Endowment Fund Corporation (our

seven-million dollar rehabilitation and child welfare fund, principal of which is untouchable) . . \$117,684.78

Annual contribution of The American Legion Auxiliary (Poppy sales, 10¢ assessment per member, and other sources) \$25,000.00
\$231,536.84

Since the total bill was \$409,632.28, an additional \$178,095.44 was released from the ever-shrinking principal of restricted funds built up over the years.

These figures refer to the work and cost of our National rehabilitation program only. They do not include the work of 58 Departments and over 17,000 Posts.

Although we met the minimum demand in 1948 by dipping into our capital we did not expand our services as we should. The National office continued to be a bottleneck for the work sent up to it from the greatly expanded programs in the many Departments. Over 10,000 cases were sent up in May, a rate which could boost the case load in Washington this year from 89,000 to over 120,000.

There must be no backing down. We must find a way for the National Rehabilitation staff to continue and improve its service to the Departments and State agencies.

Below are claims work figures for 1948 from six sample Departments of The American Legion. The figures show Department records only and do not indicate the unknown total tally of work done for veterans by the thousands of Posts and Districts. The figures refer to "service work" only and not to any other of the Legion's programs.

State	Individuals served (veterans and their dependents and survivors)	Claims processed	Cost	Source of funds
California	179,787	53,541	\$473,571	State and Legion
Pennsylvania	60,289	43,569	112,000	Legion
Ohio	47,232	17,624	72,000	State and Legion
Wisconsin	37,446	21,563	38,000	Legion
Washington (State)	25,456	11,590	62,296	State
Connecticut	2,000	3,501	16,280	Legion
Total for six sample Departments	352,210	151,388	\$774,147	

new next April and you may count as half a Legionnaire. Renew before this November 11, ahead of time, and you may count as a Legionnaire and a half.

Of course the second way in which each Legionnaire can help us grow up to our mission is to bring in more new members than ever before. I cannot list here all the tried and true ways of bringing newcomers into your Post. Let me point out one.

Fifteen million eligible veterans, all of whom have reaped the benefits of the Legion's work, are still outside our ranks. Certainly we do not insist that they join because of the mustering-out pay or the bonuses which practically all of them have received, or because of the education, the job training, the home loans or the representation before the VA that

many millions of them have gained through our efforts. We never put a price on those things and I hope we never shall.

But I know, and so do many others, that we have never properly sold our rehabilitation program. There are millions of veterans who know next to nothing about the most vital work we do—millions of them who would join the Legion if only they knew. They would join even if the membership meant nothing to them except the privilege of subscribing to the services The American Legion renders freely to their less fortunate comrades. They would join more freely if they knew that today these services urgently need their support, and that they can best support them with membership. It has always been our most pleasant privilege to extend our help to veterans whose

need is greater than our own. Let us not be greedy with this privilege. Let us teach others what it means and let them share our work.

There is no question about the appeal of our program to every veteran who is a loyal American and who respects himself as a citizen and as a veteran, *once he knows of our great work*. Where membership has been offered on the basis of service it has never failed. You may recall reading in this magazine last February that when the dying Post in Jasper County, Georgia, went out to sell the Legion program instead of just a "supper club" more than half the veterans in the county joined that Post. If we were to do that across the nation we would be eight or nine million strong—and ready for anything.

THE END

LAST BOMB

(Continued from page 28)

flame, shrinking once more from the familiar stab of revolting terror. Or yanking our way out in evasive retirement, frenzied enough to unseat all reason.

Even now, with peace unquestioned, the nerves of the F4U skipper were probably still jumping, for he had flamed a Myrt during war's final seconds. This thread of violence, so tightly woven through the fabric of each normal thought, would, quite obviously, be reluctant to unravel.

My own mind sought to insist, "Forget it. The world has made a forward step, and this era, however glorious, is finished." It was true enough. Carrier and plane, as well as the whole vast complex of supporting craft from battleship to picket-boat, were as of now, rather interesting but expensive units of scrap. A few words, whistling metalically in their head sets, had with a sorcerer's touch transformed these pilots from men of important purpose, intently watched by a world at war, to a forgotten group of bewildered boys, pointlessly hung between sea and sky some thousands of miles from home. Pointless? Yes, but this morning the mind resisted logic. With an almost spiritual insistence, consciousness could only repeat, "Don't ever forget it. These men have fought an amazing war."

The fact was there, forbidding all qualifications. The Carrier Navy, booted forward by Spruance and Mitscher or Halsey and McCain, had won the air over every foot of the long and bitter march from Midway to Japan. Through the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas and Philipines, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, and the home islands, these ships and men had built an incredible tradition. One recalled the sagas of ships long gone, like the *Yorktown*, *Hornet*, *Wasp* and *Lexington*. One thought of those steel-minded men, dead and living, who had wrestled the new Fast Carrier Force through the swells and spray of the Pacific wastes. Admiral, captain and CPO, armorer, mechanic and deck crewman, they had, for four anguished years, sweated and bullied, coaxed and kicked the aircraft of many successive Air Groups off their windswept decks.

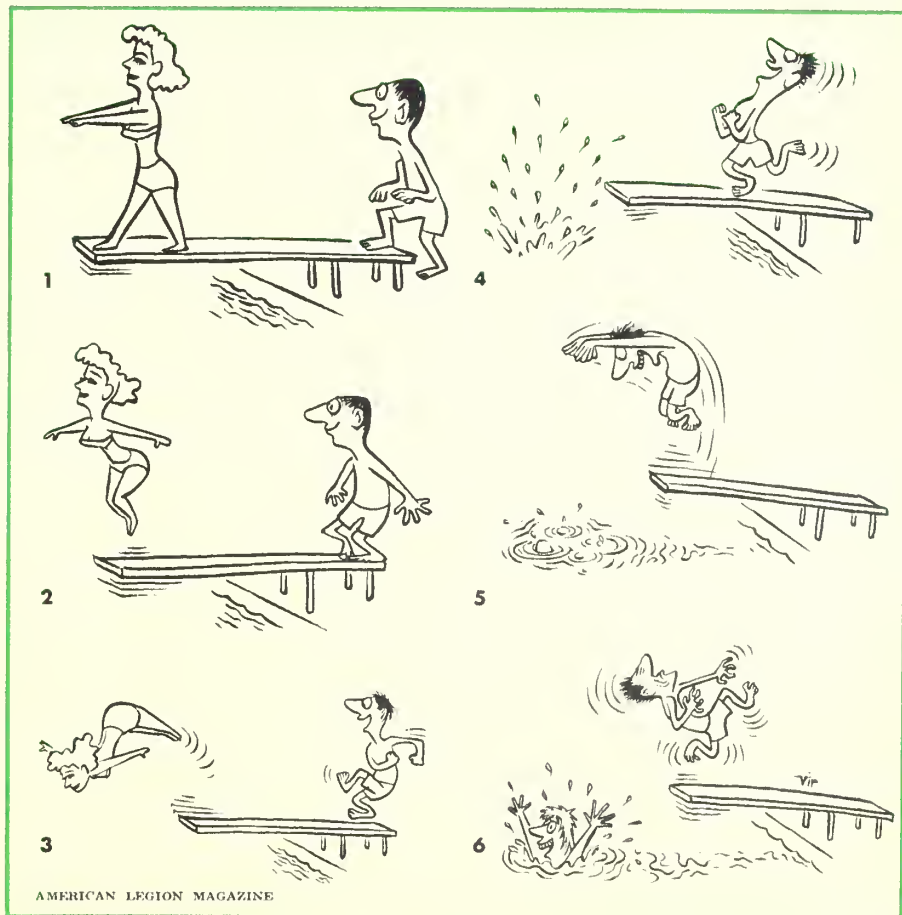
One thought of those outfits, colorful

and tragic, like *Torpedo Eight*, *Fighting Three*, *Fighting Nine*. One thought of the immortal Butch O'Hare, but one thought even more of countless heroes without names, like the pilot shot down off Formosa, who for some valid reason the Navy could not rescue. He had stood on a reef far out in the surf, surrounded by the curving tracer fire of sniping Japanese. When last seen he was waving, not in supplication, but in encouragement and farewell. And now I watched the last of this fabulous breed of flying Navy men, whose guns and bombs had won the sky for the flight to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They rode the air with practiced ease, heading home for the *Essex* from their

last combat sortie. Their useless bombs, already jettisoned, obscured the sea with a vast blanket of rolling smoke. The young pilot off our starboard wing had had one bomb stick in his rack, but he got it away by hitting his emergency release. There it hung in loneliness, the last of so many thousands—the last bomb of the war. I wanted to cheer or yell, or something. But I was too tired.

I looked at the pilot, vividly clear through a cockpit cover dancing with sunlight. He yawned slightly, scratching his sunburned neck. The bomb, arching over in a long trajectory, slowly relinquished dimension and lost itself in the smoke.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

LAY IT DOWN, ZIGGY!

(Continued from page 13)

him too close, he'd pop over their heads. The crowd caught the chant, "Lay it down, Ziggy!" And Ziggy laid it down.

I guess if Ziggy had had an arm, I would have played him regularly. Actually, he wasn't a bad catcher. He had quick hands and handled himself well behind the plate. I had him practicing with the mitt every day. But I just couldn't chance him in these important games.

As for Ziggy he didn't particularly care what happened. He'd do exactly what I told him to. Once in a while he'd complain about how tired he was, but he never let me down. When I didn't need him he'd sit in the dugout polishing his crazy little bat and whistling popular songs. He was about as concerned with baseball and the pennant race as he was with the weather in Italian Somaliland.

Well, we caught the Penguins and skipped with them right down to the tape. When the season ended both teams were in a dead tie. We tossed a coin, and the playoff game was to be held in our field.

Now, that was a day! White clouds and a packed house. How I wanted that game! And I was sure we could beat them until I got that dynamite right in my face. Mal Corber, one of my coaches, gave it to me quickly and cruelly: the commissioner of the league gave the okay for Sloppy to play today. The suspension was for thirty days, and the thirty days were up two days before, when the season officially ended.

Mal told me how Sloppy had been training all month and how badly he wanted to beat us. I would rather have faced a nest full of wounded hornets than an enraged Sloppy. But I had no choice. I gave Lefty Poole the nod to pitch and crossed my fingers.

Well, the game started. Their first two men were easy outs. Then Nubby Cooper,

their first baseman, stepped in. He fouled the first pitch straight back. My stomach gave. The ball hit Lundeen, my work-horse catcher and clean-up man, square in the finger. It didn't take me long to see that the finger was broken.

As Lundeen walked painfully off the field, I heard a roar, "We want Ziggy!" I guess the fans saw Ziggy working out during the season with a catcher's mitt, and they figured he was the man to go in. Well, I was all set to throw in Niles, my substitute receiver, who could catch but who was a weak hitter. Then I remembered what happened the last time Ziggy faced Sloppy. If Ziggy could get Sloppy to blow up . . . Ziggy had a weak arm, but he could catch and knew the signals . . . I could have Niles warmed up ready to jump in right away . . . I did it. I told Niles to warm up and I went over to Ziggy.

"How'd you like to catch, Ziggy?" I asked him.

"Don't matter, pal," he said. "I'll help you out. This is the last game, and you ain't worked me too hard."

I told him to check signals with Poole and the infield, and then I had him warm up. One thing about Ziggy: he had the other catchers beat for comfort. They had to crouch for pitches. Ziggy just bent over a little.

The crowd screamed when they saw Ziggy in the game. I just dug my nails into my hand and made silent prayers.

Lefty pitched to Cooper, who promptly singled to left. Then Stubbs came up, and the Penguins didn't waste any time testing Ziggy's arm. On the first pitch Cooper was off for second. But when he got there a man with a ball was waiting for him.

Maybe it was because Ziggy's hands were so quick. Maybe it was because he had the advantage of a standing position. Anyway, the ball bounced into second base — weakly, but accurately — ahead of

the runner who slid into the bag.

The crowd cheered and laughed, and we came up for our turn at bat.

And then I got my first good look at Sloppy, and I shuddered. He looked rough and mean, like a trapped tiger. I knew he hated us and blamed us for his suspension and fine.

Well, our first two men made out, and then Lillard managed to bloop a single to left. It was two out, one on, and then the stands exploded like a blockbuster, "Lay it down, Ziggy!" when they saw a midget with a little bat heading for the plate. I didn't have to give Lillard any signals. He and everybody in the ball park knew what Ziggy was going to do.

All of a sudden Sloppy called time and got his team to group around him. He had a funny smile as he spoke to them and hitched up his huge trousers. His shirt, which was half-way open in the front, fit him like a bed sheet. There was enough room in there for an apartment full of furniture. Then all of a sudden the Penguins left the mound and scattered.

You guys have seen the "Boudreau shift." Well, I swear that's a straight-away formation compared to the "Sloppy shift." The first and third basemen came half-way up the line, and the shortstop and third baseman came alongside of them, until the whole infield formed a wedge around Sloppy. Meanwhile the outfielders came in on the infield grass.

Ziggy didn't seem to be disturbed. All year teams played him close — of course, never this close — but he always managed to get on. The first pitch was a ball, and I signaled Lillard to go down. He breezed into second. Nobody of the Penguins looked at him. They were all concentrating on Ziggy with two out. The next pitch was a strike, and Lillard cruised into third.

Then Sloppy came right in with one, and Ziggy carefully bunted high, pushed the bat forward. The result was what you might call a long Texas Leaguer. But at the crack of the bat, the left fielder backtracked and hauled it in, going away. Ziggy was stopped.

Sloppy walked to the dugout with a big grin on his face and tipped his hat to Ziggy. The midget showed no emotion. He casually shrugged his shoulders.

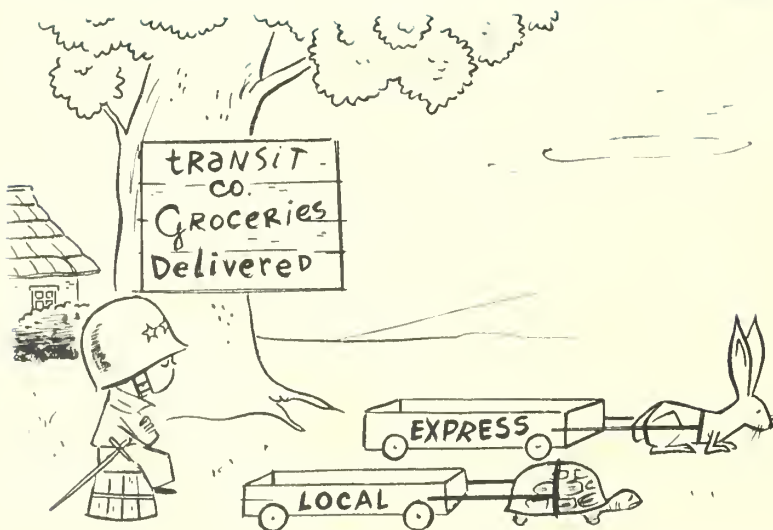
However, when we came up again next inning, Ziggy grabbed a sheet of paper and a pencil and started making fantastic diagrams. I knew he was working on a way to crack the shift, but I didn't question him.

The Penguins picked up a run in the fourth. Then we came up. The first two men made out, and Ziggy stepped in again. "Lay it down, Ziggy!" the crowd screamed. Once again Sloppy formed his shift. Then he wound up and let fly. Ziggy put something like double reverse English on the ball. It headed for the first baseman, hooked away, and headed for right field. But the right fielder came in from his position on the grass, scooped up the ball and lobbed to Sloppy, who covered the bag. They got Ziggy again.

(Continued on page 44)

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



A Picture That Dares To Tell The Truth

By R. WILSON BROWN

REPUBLIC HAS BUILT a picture that should be seen by every man, woman and child in America. *The Red Menace* tackles Communism with bare fists, calls a spade a spade, makes no compromise with the insidious ideology prated by Russia and her puppets, and lays wide open the party's unscrupulous methods of injecting venom into the bloodstream of American citizens.

For many months Hollywood producers have always been going to produce a picture to reveal the innermost workings of the Reds. With the exception of *The Iron Curtain*, none actually got around to doing anything about it. *The Iron Curtain*, a fine picture, was not a big money maker. The major film companies, dollar conscious, looked to other fields for stories. But Herbert J. Yates, Republic's courageous president, happens to be a man who puts the four freedoms before boxoffice returns. His company, one of the smaller ones of the industry, did the job. If the picture makes money, fine. If it doesn't, Yates will still be satisfied, for he will have contributed to the American way of life something which the rest of the industry has so conspicuously neglected.

Production started March 5 behind locked doors with a cast of unknowns in motion picture circles and under the working title of *Fathoms Deep* which, if talked about, could be just another picture. And in Hollywood, where people thrive on big names, sensation and ballyhoo, no one paid the least bit of attention

to *Fathoms Deep* or to Republic. Then someone around the studio who follows the party line put a copy of the script in the hands of *The Daily People's World*, the West Coast's official Communist newspaper, and the secret was out. *Fathoms Deep* wasn't *Fathoms Deep* after all. It was *The Red Menace*, and it stated, in no uncertain language, that the real menace was that the Reds were out to destroy our form of government by force and violence.

Now the Commies don't like such revealing information made public, so *The Daily People's World* screamed - "lies" . . . "a mass campaign must be developed against this picture" . . . "action is needed now." *The Daily Worker*, the official Communist newspaper in New York, joined in on the chorus. All of which is, of course, the best assurance that the picture is the truth and is revealing. Had *The Red Menace* been a harmless film to the Commie cause, they would have ignored it.

A warning to all of America that it can happen here, the film follows Bill Jones, a war veteran, who becomes a dissatisfied citizen after losing his home and money through dealing with a phoney real estate firm, making him ripe for the false but rose-colored promises held out by the Communist party.

Plied with Marxian propaganda and entertainment, he agrees to join the party. In his indoctrination into the mystic ways of the party, he is startled and sickened by the heartlessness, the brutality and the insincerity of those spinning the Red web and, on the other hand, the gullibility and

pitiable ineffectiveness of those caught in that web.

Step by step he is taken through the process of becoming a Communist. First he attends the party school which teaches him the theories of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. Then he learns how to organize, picket, terrorize and subdue. Finally he learns to sacrifice and suppress his own individuality and thoughts.

Especially effective are the scenes in which a worker dares to question a Red theory and is answered by death; where another is driven to suicide by the party's relentless persecution; and the scene in which the party's sinister woman worker is confronted by the Department of Immigration and Naturalization officials with her brazen lies.

The Red Menace is wound around a story that entertains as well as exposes. It is well that there are no name stars for, in such a picture, they would detract from the realism. As it is, realism is one of the greatest achievements of the film, for which much credit must go to these screen unknowns.

The Commies have started an all-out campaign to stop the picture. To counter, Republic wisely previewed the picture for some 8,000 Americanism leaders before releasing it to the public. It conducted special showings for leaders of The American Legion, the A. F. of L., Jewish and Catholic veterans, law enforcement officials, the Motion Picture Alliance, church leaders and others. And the studio spent some \$50,000 in advertising the picture in the Los Angeles area (a hot-bed of isms). In this way Republic is making sure that the word will be spread that *The Red Menace* is the screen's greatest contribution to the American way of life - which it is.

Says President Yates: "We accept the challenge of The Communist Party and its Fellow Travelers, and we declare that

THE RED MENACE

A presentation of Republic Productions, Inc. Herbert J. Yates, President and Executive Producer; R. G. Springsteen, Director; Albert De Mond and Gerald Geraghty, writers; and narrated by Lloyd Davies, member of the City Council of Los Angeles.

The cast, none of which has ever before appeared on the screen, includes Barbra (note to editor: "Barbra" is correct spelling) Fuller, Betty Lou Gerson, Shepard Menken, William Lally, Hanne Axman, Bob Rockwell, Lester Luther and James Harrington.

Running time: 90 minutes.

the Republic organization will do everything in its power, regardless of expense or tribulations, to make certain that *The Red Menace* is shown in every city, town and village in the United States of America and other countries not under Communist control."

The American Legion not only recommends this picture but *URGES* that every member make it his duty to see it. More than that, all are urged to encourage their families and friends to see it. THE END

(Continued from page 42)

Sloppy roared, pounded his infielders on the back, and did a crazy dance by the dugout.

Well, the game went on, and Sloppy got rougher. In the 5th and 6th innings when we were in the dugout, Ziggy kept working like mad with his diagrams. When he stepped up again in the 7th, we were trailing 2-0 because the Penguins scored in the top half. Again the crowd shouted, "Lay it down, Ziggy!" And again Ziggy obliged. He cleverly put underspin on the ball. It bounced toward the shortstop and then sort of bounced back. But Sloppy was off the mound like a panther and whipped the ball to the first baseman, who ran like mad to cover the bag. They got Ziggy by an eyelash.

Nothing happened in the 8th, and we set the Penguins down in the 9th. Then we came in for our final turn at bat. Maybe Sloppy tired a little, I don't know. Anyhow, we managed to load the bases with one out. It was now Ziggy's turn again at the plate.

Well, I made a quick decision. I had Red Rogers on the bench. He wasn't a consistent hitter, but he could hit a long ball on occasion. I decided to let him bat for Ziggy. I could hear an uneasy roar in the stands, and I knew the crowd wanted a pinch-hitter too.

No kidding, I had the word "Rogers" on my tongue; it was almost halfway out of my mouth. Then all of a sudden I saw Ziggy walk out of the dugout. Over his shoulder was his puny two-toned bat, but in his left hand was a roll of string.

Now, my better judgment told me to

stop him and send him back, but there was something about that character that awed me. Honest, I couldn't move or say a word. I just watched him.

He called time and went out on the infield. He started measuring little spots on the grass with the string. Then he measured the distance to the very top of the pitcher's mound. After that he walked over to Sloppy and sized him up carefully. Then he went back and made a little mark on the pitching alley, about two-thirds of the distance to the mound. He tossed the string toward the dugout and stepped in.

Well, Sloppy just laughed and called his team in for the shift. All he'd have to do with a bunt would be to toss it home because our man on third was forced. He wound up and pitched. Ziggy paid no attention to the ball. Instead he watched Sloppy as closely as he could. It was one strike. Again Sloppy hurled one in. Ziggy ignored this one too. He kept his eye on Sloppy from the start of the pitch all the way to the follow-through.

I thought the midget was crazy. He had two strikes on him now. If he bunted foul, he'd be automatically out. I started to scream something at him, but Sloppy was already in his wind-up.

The pitch came in and Ziggy shortened up. He hit the ball on the exact spot he had marked on the pitching alley. Sloppy ran in confidently to take the bounder, but all of a sudden the ball took a spin and shot upward. It hit Sloppy in his exposed undershirt, dropped down into his shirt, and was swallowed up in the

material. Ziggy had found a new bucket.

Maybe it was because Sloppy was so surprised or confused, I don't know — anyway, he couldn't find the ball. He groped and searched and cursed and yelled. Everybody in the infield ran over and stuck hands in the tremendous shirt, feeling like mad for the ball. Finally the shortstop and second baseman picked Sloppy up by his legs and turned him upside down. The ball rolled out. But when the first baseman picked it up and looked around, all he could see was a puffing midget sitting on third base.

The crowd and the team almost ate Ziggy alive. They punched him, mauled him, and kissed him. I didn't see him any more until that evening. I walked into his hotel room, and saw him packing.

"Where are you going, Ziggy?" I asked him.

"Season's over, pal," he said.

"I know, but stick around, Ziggy. We're going to have a big blow-out tonight and then..."

"Sorry, pal," he said, "I've had enough baseball. I'm going back to the carnival."

"But Ziggy, what about next year?" I asked.

"Nope, I'm sorry, pal, but I've had enough of this game. That run to third just about killed me. I'm ready to sleep for a week now. If you can find some way for me to get around the bases on roller skates, get in touch with me. See you, pal."

I took my last look at him as he disappeared down the corridor. All I could see was a big suitcase, a head, and a little suit with a crazy two-toned bat bouncing on a shoulder.

THE END

WILL TELEVISION WRECK SPORTS?

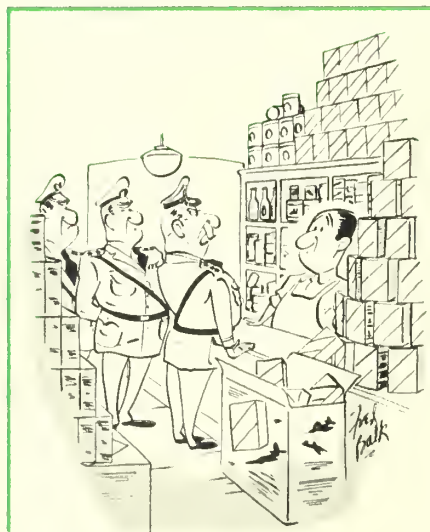
(Continued from page 17)

virtual sellouts. Our attendance last season was 2,373,901, the greatest ever for us. Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia and Detroit also reported all-time highs.

"It doesn't seem to me that the red-hot baseball fan will ever settle for television when he can go to the ball park. You must bear in mind that what television gives you in a baseball game is an appetizer. It's wonderful for the fan who has to stay home. But it is a physical impossibility for television to show a picture of a ball game anywhere near as complete as that which a fight fan gets of a boxing bout. So, it can never become a completely satisfactory substitute for the real thing."

Frank Shaughnessy, president of the International Baseball League, is violently opposed to television for the selfish but quite understandable reason that he thinks it is threatening to ruin two of the clubs on his wheel. Both the Newark and Jersey City teams which play most of their games at night claim that whenever the Yankees, Giants or Dodgers play at night, the telecast keeps thousands of Newark and Jersey City fans in front of video sets. Since the Yanks and Giants, respectively operate Newark and Jersey City as farms, this adds up to electronic infanticide, if true. But a survey taken last summer by television interests revealed that at seven Newark night games when there was no television competition from across the Hudson, the attendance

was no greater than when the big leaguers were providing a free show on the screens. It could be that Newark and Jersey City were blaming television for something that the mediocrity of their teams was responsible for. Mr. Shaughnessy lost his fight at the winter baseball meetings to



"The Air Force has a report that you are selling a cereal with pictures of fighter planes on the boxes. The Air Force hopes that further sales will be curtailed for reasons of security."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

have the big league clubs refrain from piping their games into territory outside their 50-mile limit.

Last November, John L. Reeves, president of the Ft. Worth Club in the Texas League wrote to every club in the National, American, International, Pacific Coast, Southern and Texas Leagues, and the American Association, asking for a report on their experience with television and their recommendations to any club facing a decision as to whether to let its games be telecast. Few of them had a conclusive remark to make, and those clubs which were inclined to favor video outnumbered its opponents.

Following are excerpts from replies he received from major league clubs:

"I doubt if it will increase the attendance; . . . I am apprehensive . . ."

"We have found it to be a source of new interest and are reaching new fans. There has been no actual test made as to television's effect on the gate . . ."

"Our experience so far is that television has not affected our attendance . . ."

"Up to this year we have not noticed any appreciable effect on attendance as a result of televising. We receive a fair revenue from it . . ."

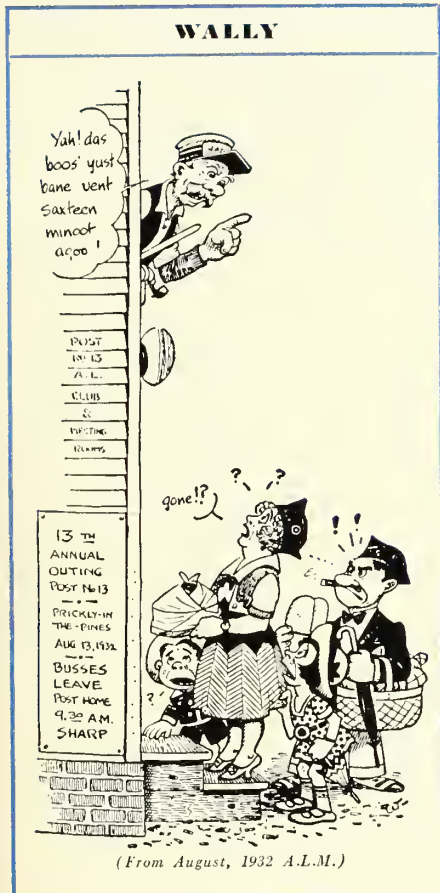
"Due to the small number of cameras used on our field, the televising of the game limits the scope of the game and, therefore, is not sufficient to satisfy the fan . . ."

"Our experience here has been that

television has not hurt our attendance to date, but I am just a little afraid of what will happen when they perfect television . . ."

"We have not come to a definite conclusion as to whether or not television is helpful to baseball. There is a chance that it will develop very quickly and be more valuable than the regular broadcasts . . ."

"Surveys indicate that owners of sets do not think they will attend as many baseball games in the future as they have



in the past. But, taking it from the long view, we believe that television is bound to help us, for it will acquaint more people with our game . . ."

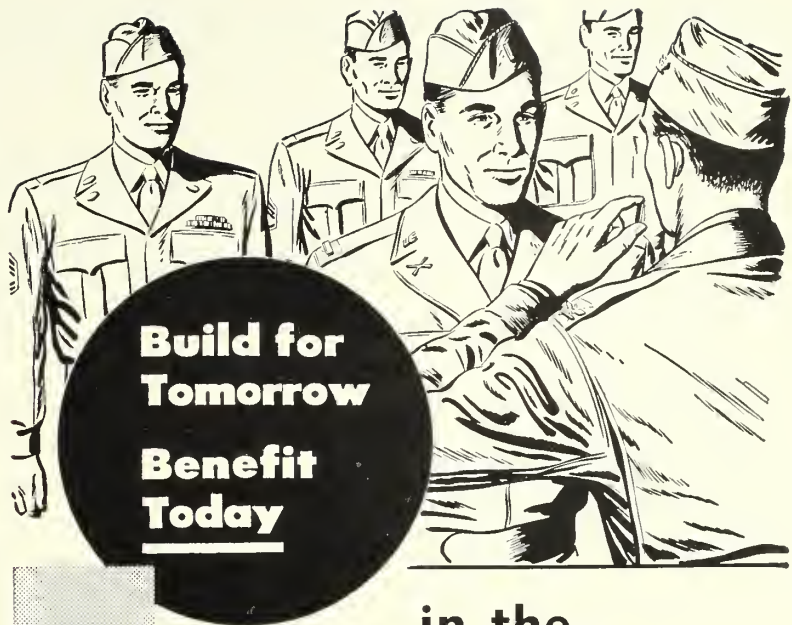
"My opinion is that television did not keep one person from our park this year . . ."

"I am of the opinion that our attendance at night has been affected by television, particularly by telecasts in public places. It is certain that telecasting of games in the minor leagues has caused great financial loss . . ."

"Our experience so far has been that television needs baseball more than baseball needs television."

A paradox television men and sports promoters can't explain is why boxing and wrestling, admittedly the two sports that are made to order for video, should be affected in ways that are diametrically opposed to each other. Boxing, which was wallowing in profits until television came along, has gone into a slump. On the other hand, wrestling, which had one spindly shank in the grave, has been revived as if by a goat-gland operation.

Technically, boxing and wrestling shows are the easiest to telecast. The



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action takes place within a 20-foot square on which it is possible to focus the cameras with pin-point precision. For that reason, watching either a wrestling match or a boxing bout is much easier on the eyes than trying to follow the action in a hockey, basketball, football or baseball game, or any other sporting event in which the action takes place over a wide range of territory and it is necessary for the cameramen to "follow the ball."

WRESTLING promoters quickly found out that television helped their box office with the result that there's hardly a minute during the evening video programs when a twist of the dial won't bring into focus the heart rending spectacle of a big, hairy ape kneeling on the canvas, imploring mercy with both hands from the pseudo cave-man poised over him ready to bash in his skull (tomorrow night, Bridgeport) if he but curls an inch of lip in an expression of contempt. Wrestling promoters report that the biggest increase is among their female patrons. The mock manslaughter conducted nightly, strictly according to the same script, on scores of wrestling mats along the route of the coaxial cable from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Mississippi Valley, appeals to the vestiges of the cave woman that survive in every female bosom. Wrestling has staged such a comeback that several factions have joined forces and appointed Strangler Lewis as the Commissioner De Burp, "to keep the game clean!" After an absence of 12 years, wrestling returned to Madison Square Garden last Washington's Birthday. But, although this was made possible by the build-up television had given the star performer, "Gorgeous George," the promoters turned down an offer of \$3,500 to have the show telecast. It turned out to be a colossal flop. New York didn't go for the freak attraction that enriched wrestling in other sections, both in the flesh and via video.

"What the country needs is more television" said Toots Mondt, most powerful

wrestling promoter in the country, as he counted up the mounting gate receipts. "Every night our wrestlers say a prayer that they'll never wake up and find television was only a dream."

Tom Packs of St. Louis said the same thing in different words. Mr. Packs, who formerly got dizzy looking at empty seats, now packs 'em in and he has observed a new type of fan among his clients. It's the same story in Boston, Detroit, Buffalo and all the other cities now embraced by video's rapidly expanding tentacles. Without exception, the wrestling promoters credit television with the miracle.

Sol Strauss, managing director of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, America's No. 1 boxing promotion firm, looks at the problem with the realism of a lawyer.

"Television is here to stay," he said "and we might as well play it that way. That it is having the immediate effect of cutting our gates I don't deny but things will adjust themselves. Fifty per cent of the crowd at our outdoor fights comes from outside New York City. They are lured as much by the spectacle as by the fight itself. They want to be able to say they were there and saw it in the flesh and they like to experience the thrill that comes from being part of such a crowd. They'll never get this watching television."

HARRY MARKSON, former boxing writer who is now the Twentieth Century Club's promoter, thinks that television will help his business after the novelty wears off. He already finds that some of his old customers who had been staying home to watch the fights on their video screens are back in their old seats, in many cases accompanied by members of the family who have been converted into fight fans by their television sets.

Markson was convinced by a series of sellouts last winter for stand-out attractions, such as the return bout between Willie Pep and Sandy Saddler, that much

of the fault for the boxing slump could be attributed to inferior matches. Markson finds that video hurts his business more in summer than in winter. Eventually, he thinks television stations will telecast only from the major boxing arenas. Then, the small promoters, now hardest hit by video's competition, will be able to promote shows profitably again and develop talent for the bigger clubs.

The Sunnyside Gardens, a boxing club in suburban Queens, offered to give a



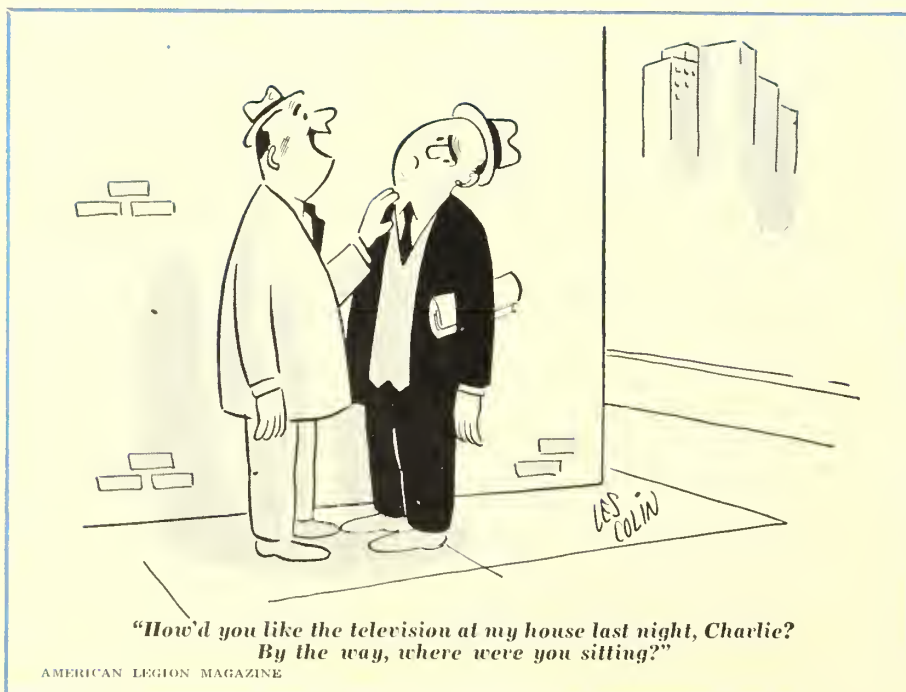
How to Make More Legionnaires

Know a vet who ought to belong to The American Legion? Let him read this copy of *The American Legion Magazine* when you're through with it. You'll be giving him not just a magazine but reasons for joining your Post.

television studio the rights to screen its shows on condition that it pay for every empty seat in the house. Its offer was not accepted. Promoter Max Joss of the Broadway Arena, Brooklyn, reported the worst season in seven years because his Tuesday night shows had to compete with Milton Berle, television's top comedian. Fight promoters now realize that a show of the Berle type can hurt their business far more than letting their own shows be telecast.

They also have found out that fight programs televised from Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland or any other city served by the coaxial cable can be just as damaging to their attendance as the telecast of their own cards. On the surface this looks healthy for the fan. If television puts sporting events in different cities in competition with each other it might make for better shows everywhere. But some efforts are being made by organized boxing managers to end the competition rather than improve the shows. Boxing Managers' Guilds throughout the country are demanding a sizeable share of the television revenue for the fighters. Starting May 31st when the agreements between the studios and the fight clubs ran out, no boxing club was able to negotiate a new television contract without permitting a representative of the Manager's Guild to have a voice in the proceedings. The Guild is also inalterably opposed to "delayed television" in which a film of the original telecast of a fight is peddled for rebroadcast at a later date to stations in distant cities not reached by the coaxial cable or radio relay systems.

Today the boxing managers complain that these films of fights televised later



in the larger cities off the cable ruin the business of any small boxing club that might be competing with them on the night they are shown, and also give small-town promoters a chance to size up fighters they may be planning to book. Thus, it will be harder for the manager of a round-heeled wonder to get work for him in the smaller towns where formerly the dunce could be palmed off in advance, sight unseen, as the reincarnation of John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett, rolled into one. The several Managers' Guilds have spotters in key cities reporting on delayed telecasts and will eventually sue for a share of the royalties.

Dave Charnay, a public relations man for sports events, says "The roller skating derby came to New York, an unknown sport, last winter. The newspapers ignored it. Television picked it up. The result was that 90,000 paid to see the event and the promoters credited CBS Tele-



vision with putting it over. Television, like radio, will find its level and sports will benefit from it. A television tube will never do away with the type of fan who wants to say 'I was there'."

FEW MEN connected with television have had the chance to view the new medium's effect on sports from as many angles as Tom Gallery, director of sales for the DuMont Television Network, formerly Publicity Director for the network and prior to that the New York Yankees' radio and television contact man. Tom has seen the beneficial effects of television on baseball and other sports, from the inside. Consequently he can't say "No!" loudly enough when anyone asks him if television will have a deleterious effect on sports.

"During 1948," says Mr. Gallery, "video cameras covered most major sports events. Television brought its audience all types of spectator sports and promot-

PHILADELPHIA—AUG. 29-SEPT. 1

WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

The one event to which we Legionnaires look forward every year is the National Convention. The comradeship of men who have shared experiences of lightheartedness and deadly earnestness is a wonderful experience in itself.



For years Eastern Air Lines has served Legionnaires faithfully and dependably in their flights to and from our annual Convention... saving them valuable time and money, with luxury all the way. This year we have added more flights to give you better service than ever.

Edith A. Rubenack
President and General Manager

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ers reported new highs in attendance and bigger gross revenues than ever before.

"Here's what usually happens when a television set is installed in a home. People who cared nothing and knew nothing about baseball, for example, watch a game or two on television, at first with only casual interest. Then the children in the family and the housewife learn the names of a few players, then something about club standings. They continue to watch television, now and then, and gradually they learn something of the game's finer points. In time, they become the fan of a particular club—and the next thing they know, they're in the ball park, rooting with the best of them."

The only sports television can wreck are those which can't stand advertising, implies Charles C. Barry, the American Broadcasting Company's vice-president in charge of television.

"I have never subscribed to the theory that you lose customers by exposing them constantly to the virtues of your product," said Mr. Barry. "Of course, this infers that you have a quality product, and that the more people know about it, the more they'll buy. If you're selling a second-rate article, you don't want to advertise it through television or any other medium."

"Video is still young and viewers are seldom weaned away from their TV sets to attend the actual events away from home. But this will gradually change, just as it did after the advent of radio. The novelty wears off, and sports fans ultimately conclude that watching the screen may be a good substitute for actually being there, but you can't duplicate the thrill of mingling with the crowd in the bleachers or at the ringside."

"I firmly believe TV sports telecasts will enlarge the circle of sport followers."

Certainly whatever problems television has created for the sports world as yet

are only of a minor nature because, as the National Broadcasting Company points out in a graphic survey of the situation, particularly as it affects major league baseball, "for the next few years the television audience will continue to be relatively small." As of April, 1949, for instance, there were over 3,000,000 families in the New York City area who owned radios and only about 450,000 who had television sets. Philadelphia had 750,000 radios and about 125,000 television sets. Chicago, with 1,400,000 radios had 175,000 video sets. In every other major league city, except Boston and Detroit, each of which had about 75,000 video sets in operation, television had not yet gained more than the merest foothold. Since the major league baseball cities are also the principal centers of boxing, whatever the survey proves about baseball should apply in a broad sense to pugilism, too.

The first event telecast from Madison Square Garden, the "Independence Hall" of sports television, was a six-day bicycle race. On May 20, 1939, the National Broadcasting Company, experimenting with television, accepted the invitation of forward-looking General John Reed Kilpatrick, president and managing director of the big sports arena, to make use of its facilities, gratis, by training its cameras on the bike grind.

The first fight telecast in America was the first Lou Nova-Max Baer bout at Yankee Stadium, June 1, 1939. Only a few television technicians and officials saw the results and reported they were quite satisfactory. The first time a fight was telecast and projected on a theater screen was on April 4, 1941, when the second Nova-Baer bout at Madison Square was shown simultaneously at the New Yorker Theater, 254 West 54th Street, before an audience of radio and television executives. The same year, a Dodger ball game was telecast from Ebbets Field and

shown on a screen in the N.B.C. theater in New York.

Television is so young, most sports promoters are still tyros in the field, groping their way in the dark. A notable exception is General Kilpatrick of Madison Square Garden, who speaks with the authority of 10 years' experience.

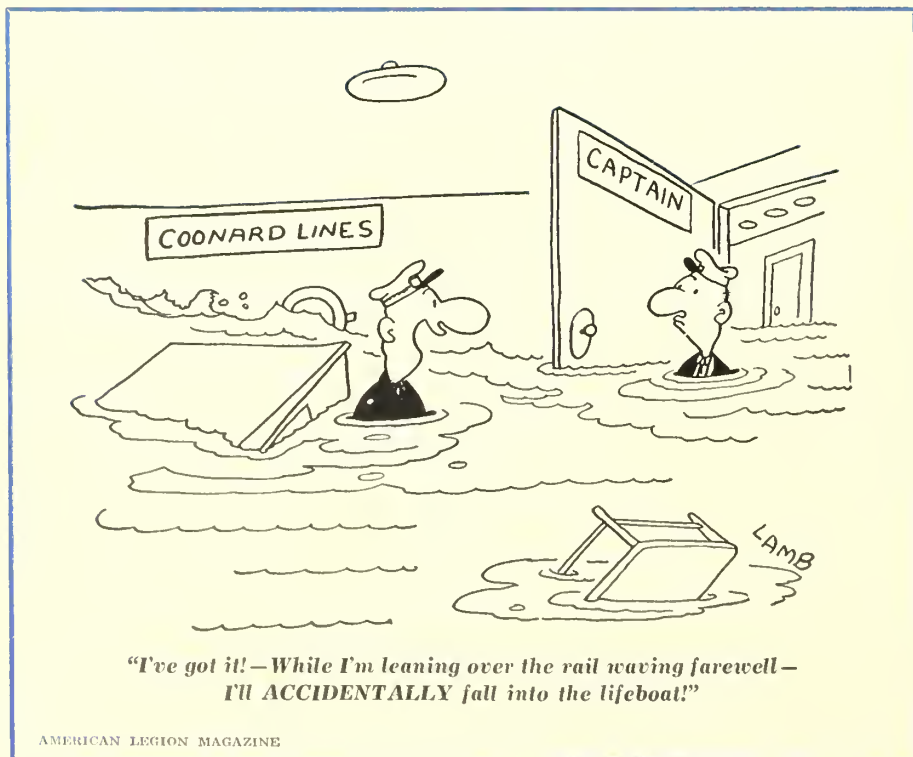
"Back in 1939, foreseeing that television would develop into a powerful ally of sports, just as radio had, we offered all our facilities, free, to anyone in television who wished to use our shows for experimental purposes," explained Gen. Kilpatrick. "We felt that it would work out exactly as radio had done, by arousing an interest in sports among people who previously had none. In my opinion, the great boom in sports following the depression is attributable in a large measure to radio. Television will bring sports events into places they never reached before. Right now, every home that has a television set is the meeting place of all the young folk of the neighborhood. Each of these youngsters is building up an avid interest in sports that we'll cash in on when they become self-supporting."

"On the debit side of the picture we have the lazy fellow—the stay-at-home who prefers to watch his sports from an armchair in front of his set, sipping a drink. He definitely has hurt our business. But whether the customers we have lost this way are compensated for by the new fans television has created we can't gauge accurately yet."

"All sports events staged at Madison Square Garden are telecast." (Gorgeous George was not televised at the Garden, Feb. 22, 1949) "So many factors are responsible for box office interest in each that it is difficult yet to tell what television's real effect is on the attendance at various events. For instance, our receipts for Rangers' hockey games are lower this season than last year's. Yet, Sunday night business is better than it was a year ago. Only the mid-week games show a decrease. But how can we tell whether this reaction is attributable to television, the Rangers' slump or the fact that there isn't as much money in circulation now? In basketball, we have sellouts whenever we have a sellout attraction. Mediocre cards don't pack them in. Can you blame television for this?"

"Four television companies operate out of the Garden. N.B.C. which pioneered the telecasting of boxing still sends out all professional boxing events. C.B.S. handles college basketball games, track meets and miscellaneous events. A.B.C. does the professional basketball games. W.P.I.X. telecasts the hockey games and also all of the Daily News' promotions, such as the Golden Gloves and Silver Skates. We let our first video contract in September, 1944 when we sold the boxing telecasting privileges to N.B.C. Soon after that we made a package deal for the other sports with C.B.S."

"As television's scope broadens our revenue from it increases. At first considered only a by-product of sports promotion, it may become a far greater source of revenue than our gate receipts for sporting events. But don't listen to anyone who says television will wreck sports."



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Maybe the sports world is taking itself and its television problem too seriously, suggests John Crosby, whose provocative radio and television column in the *New York Herald Tribune* is avidly read by the trade as well as the public. He suggests television may walk out on sports.

"Television might harm minor sports," says Crosby, "but, frankly, I don't think there will be much sports on television, once the advertisers start using the medium in force. Just now, athletic events are good program fillers but, as video grows, and the big national advertisers turn to it, sports contests will be replaced by soap operas and the other standbys of radio. Then, I think, baseball will run into trouble of a different nature from what it anticipates. I foresee a dearth of sponsors because no advertiser is going to switch from his 15-minute or half-hour soap opera program to a long-drawn-out ball game, particularly at night. Look what happened in radio. At first all the big stations handled it. Now, outside of New York, which has two 50,000-watt stations broadcasting the ball games, the only stations that handle baseball except at world series time are tiny ones that can't be tuned in outside of the limited area they serve. There will never be tiny television stations because the cost of setting up even a small one would be prohibitive to the small town operators. Of course, big sports events such as world series games and championship fights will always be material for television, but soon you are going to see other forms of entertainment gradually replacing wrestling, boxing, baseball, basketball, hockey and the other sports that have been such friends-in-need to video in its formative stages."

Mr. Crosby may have something there.

THE END

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

(Continued from page 19)

Our town is proud of its historic associations and it is proud of its up-and-coming character today. The spirit of enterprise that animated Ben Franklin is abroad in Philadelphia today. From octogenarian Connie Mack down to our smallest toddler we shall make a special effort to make the visiting members of the great Legion family happy to have come and anxious to repeat the visit many times in the years to come.

THE END

This "Citizen of Philadelphia" is Judge Vincent A. Carroll, a six-star Legionnaire who has rendered distinguished service to his community, State and nation. Member of the National Executive Committee for Pennsylvania from 1932 to 1938, he has for several years headed the National Convention Commission. This year, in addition to serving as head of the Commission, he is also President of the National Convention Corporation of Philadelphia.

THE END



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

How Would You Say It?

Curley Lawson's cousin who comes from back East and a few of us got talking when he was here visiting, and I couldn't help noticing how different he said things.

For instance, he said, "Lifting that 200-pound bag of cement almost killed me." "You mean sack of cement?" asks Curley. (That's the way we'd say it.) "No," interrupts young Elliott who'd spent a lot of time down South, "He means a 'poke of see-ment.' "

It was good for a chuckle, anyway. Bag, sack or poke—we knew what he was trying to say. It just depends on where you are in the U. S., which way sounds right.

From where I sit, whenever we criticize someone for sounding funny to us, we ought to think how we sound to them. It's the same as choosing your liquid refreshment. I'm accustomed to a moderate glass of beer—you may like ginger ale—but who's to say the other's wrong? I'd say we're both right!

Joe Marsh



DO WOLVES BITE PEOPLE?

It is just possible that the Russians, and not Red Riding Hood's grandmother, invented the man-eating wolf

By JOHN DURANT

ON FEBRUARY 14, 1925, the *Sault Daily Star* of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, announced that a prize of \$100 would be paid "to the first person who can establish to the satisfaction of the editor that any timber or 'brush' wolf has attacked any person in Algoma, public opinion in the vicinity to be a factor." Algoma, long known for its blood curdling wolf tales, is a district north of Lake Superior about the size of the State of Maine.

In the nearly twenty-five years since the offer was made the *Star's* editors have done a lot of traveling in the Algoma wilderness. They have thoroughly investigated more than a hundred claims and have rejected every one. The prize money is still at the *Star* and it will probably remain there despite persistent attempts to prove that the wolf is a dangerous fellow.

Webster's New International Dictionary, speaking of the European wolf, says,

"It is cowardly, but sometimes attacks man." It makes no reference to the American wolf's appetite for human flesh.

Folklore, nursery tales and hair raising fiction have made the gray, or timber wolf (*canis lupus*) one of the most feared and hated animals of all time. Bounties have been paid on his hide for 2900 years, yet with every man's hand against him he has survived and is increasing in some corners of the earth.

Weird tales have been passed down about his villainous deeds. There was the Beast of Gevaudan, for instance, who was supposed to have killed more than 120 Frenchmen during the reign of Louis XV and caused the wholesale desertion of the Rhone Valley. There was a huge monster named Coutard who terrorized Medieval Paris by dining on clergymen. Forty of them, including one archbishop, went down his gullet, according to the story. From Russia come accounts of large wolf

packs pursuing sleighs with fear crazed passengers shooting down the animals one by one and escaping only because the pack would pause to feast on their fallen brethren. (Why the lone surviving wolf with all of his chums inside of him wasn't as big and logy as a Percheron, is never divulged by the Russian yarn spinners.) In nursery tales the wolf has always been cast as the heavy, as evidenced in the Three Little Pigs and Little Red Riding Hood. In this country from the days of the earliest settlers when the wolf ranged the continent from coast to coast and from Alaska to central Mexico he has been branded as a human-hungry savage.

Audubon relates a story of two Negroes who were attacked by wolves in Kentucky. One man was devoured, goes the naturalist's second-hand account, while the other watched from the safety of an upper berth in a friendly oak. Daniel Boone's wolf story is an eye witness account, however. The pioneer stated that he was surrounded by a pack of fierce wolves near Abingdon, Virginia, in 1761 and had great difficulty in beating them off. Many are the reports that have come down to us of wolf attacks in this country and in Canada and, while not as lurid as the European accounts, they do persist. But you wonder how reliable these ancient tales are, whether they are influenced by man's preconceived notion of the wolf's villainy due to Old World folklore, like his unreasonable loathing of the bat and harmless snakes.

The cool eye of the natural scientist fails to reveal any evidence that humans have been assaulted by unmolested wolves on this continent. (A rabid wolf is of course a different thing, for any canine, including the timid fox, will attack without provocation when crazed by rabies). But the healthy wolf, however hungry, gives man a wide berth, they say.

Stanley P. Young, co-author of the definitive volume, *The Wolves of North America*, says that in the twenty-five years that the Fish and Wild Life Service has probed reports of wolf attacks not one has been substantiated. The late Sir Wilfred Grenfell, medical missionary to Labrador, where wolves are numerous, stated: "The Labrador wolf has never been known to kill a man." Naturalist Victor H. Cahalane, author of *Mammals of North America*, says, "It seems doubtful that wild, normal wolves in North America ever venture to attack persons." There is no end to quoting men like these who have devoted years to the study of animals and who are in accord on the wolf question.

For the past quarter of a century I have done considerable traveling in the Quebec wilds by dog team and canoe and I have seen scores of wolves, singly and in small packs (never more than four to a pack) and I have never known a wolf to make a menacing gesture or even come close enough to be reached by a thrown stone. I have encountered them when alone and unarmed. Almost always they would disappear into the bush after a quick look, although a few curious ones would linger awhile before taking cover. I have made a nuisance of myself by

querying innumerable Indian guides, timber cruisers, prospectors and trappers and in no instance did any one of them have a wolf horror story to relate. They feared more the bull moose in the rutting season and the she-bear with cubs in the Spring. But never the wolf, for whom they had only contempt.

One winter on the upper Gatineau River in Quebec I made a four day dog-sled trip with an Algonquin trapper. We heard wolves howling the first night and the next day they clung to our trail. We could see them—there were four—but they never came close. Only by looking back across the wide stretches of the big lakes could we see them following—tiny black dots in the snow, zigzagging along our trail. When we made camp they stopped and hung around. We were without a gun and I wasn't enjoying it very much, but the Indian laughed and assured me that wolves were never dangerous. They were attracted by the dog scent, he said, and by scraps of food we left behind after breaking camp. They quit us after a couple of days and I wondered later what an imaginative writer might have done with that harmless episode.

Here were the elements of a blood curdler—the pursuit by howling wolves in sub-zero temperature over frozen wastes, the unarmed and helpless travelers, and the encirclement of the campfire at night by the famished beasts, growing bolder as hunger pressed upon them. It would read like the standard Russian tale and the experience made me think that perhaps old Dan'l Boone's encounter with wolves in 1761 might have been something like the one I had.

The gray wolf is the Jekyll and Hyde of the animal world. A powerful and savage brute, often killing beyond his requirements, he is at the same time the most loyal and kindest husband in the wild fauna of North America. He generally mates for life and is a devoted and tender father. He labors long for his offspring, bringing food to the den and allowing his pups, from four to fourteen in number, to tumble and play roughly without showing annoyance even when he's tired from a long hunt. Pop quietly seeks another bed rather than snap at his youngsters.

He is the only animal that has been hunted and driven from our National Parks and he is now limited in this country to the northern parts of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. His coat may be gray, black or reddish brown and he averages about 80 pounds in weight but has been known to reach an extreme of 175 pounds and a length of seven feet in Alaska. He has tremendous endurance and can maintain an implacable twenty-miles-an-hour pace for miles on end which enables him to wear down the far swifter deer. His howl, a long, deep, throaty wail, is the most melancholy and frightening sound in nature.

Whenever I hear it in my tent at night I think of what the naturalists say about the harmless wolf and what guides and trappers have told me, and I think of the *Sault Star's* prize money, still in the box. Then I close the tent flaps and fondle my gun.

THE END

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ENJOY LIFE WITH MILLER HIGH LIFE

I CATCH CROOKED GAMBLERS

(Continued from page 27)

of Pennsylvania. For six months I was a student by day, a performer by night. Came spring and the lure of the road was intensified. As the Svengali Kid, Klever Kardster, I booked a string of night clubs in South and Central America.

Practically every Latin American cabaret is a wide-open gambling house—as honest as a two-headed quarter. Night after night, when my show was over, I'd hasten upstairs and admire the dexterity of the dealers.

Their morals were faulty, their manipulating fine. I knew they were cheating but try as I might could see nothing wrong. Jealous of their ability, I proposed a deal. I would teach them the sleights of the magician if they would show me the moves of the card cheat. It was the first recorded instance of lend-lease.

On the ship home I practiced. When we docked in Hoboken I could stack cards like lightning; could deal from top, center, or bottom with ease. But I lacked the larceny in my heart which would have made me a gambler. Instead, I added a routine to my act showing how card sharps control the deck.

One night I had a visitor, a New York optician, who persuaded me to try my skill at catching a suspected card cheat at his club. The following Sunday I was his guest watching card play at a Long Island club.

An hour's kibitzing and I had the answer. All cheats have a give-away, an unnatural move which telegraphs a warning to the knowing observer. The tell-tale sign in this case was a discolored right thumb on the suspected club-member's carefully manicured hands.

He was a "daub-man" marking the high cards as he played. Concealed in his vest pocket was a tiny tin of colored wax. When he was dealt an ace he would transfer a bit of daub from his thumb to the upper right-hand corner and lower left-

hand corner of the card. The kings were marked a half-inch lower, the queens in the middle of both sides, the jacks another half-inch lower, the tens in the upper left and lower right hand corners. The balance of the cards were unmarked.

In stud-poker, knowledge of the opponent's hole card is of inestimable value. The cheat was never bluffed, never called a better hand. This uncanny "guessing" ability was what had aroused suspicion.

I signalled the optician, who was also playing, and he joined me in the foyer. "I need the deck of cards now in the game," I told him. "When it's your deal, accidentally tear a card. That will furnish a perfect excuse to order a new deck. As soon thereafter as possible quit the game and I'll furnish incontrovertible evidence that the man is cheating."

The optician did as I requested, but first he called the manager and told him to round up every member of the Board of Directors who was in the club. They were to wait in his office for a sensational announcement.

Ten minutes later I had the deck and was explaining to a group of startled clubmen that a fellow-member was a card sharp. If you think the outraged victims immediately tossed the offender out on his ear you do not understand the mentality of your dyed-in-the-wool clubman. Their first concern was to protect the club from all scandal. The swindler must be ousted, yes, but in such a way that none but a few insiders would know the reason. They discussed various methods, rejected one suggestion after another. Finally, I offered a solution.

"Why not give a show?" I queried. "I'll be the entertainer. In addition to my regular act I'll present a demonstration of how card cheats work, especially the method used here. And I'll imitate the mannerisms of the cheat to such an extent that everyone who has ever played 'with him will know to whom I refer.'"

There were a few objections, quickly over-ruled. The coming Saturday night, when the club would be crowded, was selected as the most propitious time. The meeting broke up, the optician went home. I returned to the game to study the cheat, and learn to mimic any little habit he might have so as to accuse with actions, not words.

Naturally he had a characteristic which distinguished the suspect from all others. Dealing, he held the pack in his left hand, removed the top card with the first and second fingers of the right hand. Usually one slides the top card off with the thumb and index finger. There was a reason for his idiosyncrasy. He didn't daub the whole deck with his right thumb.

My show went off without a hitch. After the usual routine of gambler's sleights, I announced. "Some cheats, like a member of this club, depend on marked cards instead of clever moves. I cannot name names but I'll show you."

There was a rustle of excitement, a babble of talk. The suspect, sitting in the front row, stirred uneasily.

I brought out the small container of Golden Glow—the daub used by most sharpers—and transferred a tiny bit to my thumb. Then I marked a few high cards, explained how the location of the smudge told the value. "The cheat," I said, "always has a discolored right thumb. That is a certain sign of guilt."

By now the cheat was the center of attraction. Necks were craned, fingers pointed, all in his direction. He slumped down in his chair in a vain effort to escape notice. At last, like a cornered rat, he fought back.

"That's silly," he cried. "A dealer with ink on his right thumb would smear every card he touched."

There was a sudden hush, a few nods of assent. Once again the audience was looking at me, awaiting my rebuttal.

"That's true," I replied, "if he thumbed the cards in the normal way. But look—"

I dealt several cards, taking them between the first and second fingers. That was the crusher. The cheat laughed jerkily, self-consciously. Then he rose and, looking neither to the right nor left, strode from the room.

The directors clustered around, praising me effusively. The treasurer handed me a check which I pocketed and forgot until I was on the train, homeward bound. Then I thought to myself: "For an extra-special job like this I probably got a bonus. Maybe even a hundred dollars." I pulled out the check, took one glance, almost dropped it in surprise. It was for a thousand dollars! "This is it," I thought, "this is the business for me. From now on I'm a card detective."

The next day I circularized a number of clubs, informing them that my unique services were available. Soon the jobs began coming in, before long I was sleuthing almost every night. Seemingly every club and fraternal organization had at least one member who won too much, too often.

I had to learn more at this time. I had

IMP-ULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

never been a card-player, but quite often, when trapping a cardster, it was necessary for me to sit in a high-stake game. If I were an obvious dub my presence would arouse suspicion. I had to be able to play all card games, and play them well.

Fortunately I had a flair for mathematics, and that indefinable something called "card-sense." Soon I was able to hold my own in any type of game, for any amount of money.

For some time the flood of engagements continued unabated, then slackened somewhat. Fearing that I was working myself out of an interesting profession, I



approached by a charming matron, Mrs. Arlington Howells. "Mr. MacDougall," she began, "my husband hates bridge but loves dice. He's been playing for two years now, and has lost tremendous sums. Can you learn if he's being cheated?"

I nodded, then she confided: "Mr. Howells won't like this. He resents any insinuation that he is a sucker. You'll have to be very diplomatic."

I assured her I was always discreet, asked her to arrange a meeting. A few days later I visited Mr. Howells in his Wall Street office. He was polite, coolly so.

"My wife is unduly alarmed," he said. "The game is honest."

"Probably," I replied. "But let's humor her. Where do you play?"

His answer floored me. "Nowhere in particular," he said. "It's a floating crap game run by a fellow named Buggsy Goldstein."

"Goldstein!" I exclaimed. "Why he's a killer."

"Exactly," agreed Howells. "And that's why the game is honest. Buggsy runs the game, makes his profit from the rake-off. Anyone cheating the game would have to cheat him."

"Haven't you ever heard of shills?" I inquired. "Buggsy could be letting his confederates win most of the money, which they would later split with him."

For a moment Howells was troubled, then he shook his head. "Too many underworld characters in the game," he said. "They'd never let Goldstein get away with anything like that."

"Even so, you're playing with fire," I told him. "If one of those thugs lost his temper he'd shoot first, apologize afterward."

"That's where you're wrong. No one is allowed to carry a gun in the room. They all treat me with consideration."

I couldn't resist the temptation. "Why shouldn't they?" I asked. "You're probably their prize sucker."

Howells's face reddened. "You've got a hell of a nerve," he said. "If I hadn't promised my wife I'd take you to the game tonight, I'd tell you to get out and stay out."

"Don't do me any favors," I said. "When I took this job I thought it would be routine. Now I learn it is dynamite."

"If you're frightened, there's no need for you to come."

Truthfully, I was uneasy at the prospect of walking in on a dice game run by a mob of blood-crazy lugs, but I wasn't going to let Howells know that. "Tell me the time and the place," I said. "I'll be there."

That night, outside a banquet room of one of the city's biggest hotels, I met Howells. When we entered the game was just starting. About two-score men were crowded around a large circular table in the center of the room. Off to one side was a miniature bar, next to it a table laden with delicacies. Everything exceedingly high-class, except the gamblers. Probably four-fifths of the men in that room had police records.

Among the better element I noticed several men prominent in theatrical circles, a half-dozen out-of-town business men, a few who had Wall Street written

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all over them. Strange bedfellows, I thought.

The dice table was covered with oilcloth instead of the traditional green baize. I could see nothing wrong with the dice. For a half hour or so the game was honest, then one of the players I had figured for a shill put on a little act. "These cock-eyed dice are unlucky," he said. "Toss me some new ones."

A bowl containing a score of red-transparent dice was offered to the shooter. He picked out two, threw them on the table for anyone to examine.

Several players did. They made sure the dice sevens all around, tested for loads, shapes, edgework. Howells shot me a triumphant glance which plainly said: "See? How could anyone clip these smart boys?"

But those dice, examined and okayed by several of the smartest gamblers on Broadway, were crooked. I knew it the minute I held them in my hand. There was a slight, almost unnoticeable stickiness. I realized then why the game was held on an oilcloth covered table.

Bugsy Goldstein was using the latest type of educated dice, so new only a handful of crapshooters knew the secret. The dice had been treated with a chemical solution which caused some sides to stick slightly to the table while the sides which hadn't been treated would slide along the smooth oilcloth. "Capped" dice are fairly well known but the chemical ordinarily used has a strong, distinctive odor, and discolors the dice where applied. Bugsy used a new formula, odorless and stainless.

I motioned to Howells. We edged our way out of the tightly packed circle, headed for the bar. In whispers I explained how the dice were capped, concluded: "The ones they're using now favor the shooter. The four, five, and six are not as smooth as the other three sides."

"Wouldn't that make the high numbers stick to the table and cause low numbers to come up most of the time?"

"Just the opposite," I corrected. "The

rough sides trip over the oilcloth while the smooth sides slide. This causes high numbers to come up pretty regularly. A lot of eights, nines, and tens, few sevens."

"Then if I bet with the dice, I'd win?"

"At this moment, yes. Later they'll slip in a pair with the solution applied to the ace and six. The shooter will then throw plenty of craps, will seven out quickly with a six-one."

"Would you know when they switched the dice?" queried the stockbroker. Seeing my nod, he continued, "Let's get back in the game. Bet to win, and I'll follow your cue. Maybe I can get back some of my money."

When we returned to the table things worked out. Every time the dice were changed I switched my bets, and Howells did likewise. If he had kept his wagers down the evening would have been uneventful. But he wanted to win back in one evening all he had lost in the past two years. His bets became bigger and bigger.

The hoodlums tried to clip the heavy bettor. They changed the dice faster and faster. But, guided by my small wagers, Howells managed to keep well ahead. Soon it was evident that Bugsy was becoming suspicious.

I signalled to Howells to quit, shortly thereafter we left the hotel. The street was deserted except for a cab-stand at the corner. As I whistled for a taxi, two shadowy figures detached themselves from the side entrance to the hotel and walked toward us. No guns were in sight but the thugs' right hands were thrust deep into coat pockets and I didn't doubt that each held a persuader.

The cab drew up, I jerked open the door. The gunmen started running. "Hey, wait," one of them called. I shoved Howells in, clambered in after him, and slammed the door. "Get going," I barked.

The driver recognized trouble, and wanted none of it. The car zoomed ahead. Looking back I could see the two disappointed gangsters angrily waving their

guns. But did my client learn his lesson?

Naturally, Howells paid me well, thanked me profusely, and swore off floating crap games. But you can be sure wherever Mr. Howells is now, whatever game he's playing, he's being cheated.

Not always did I escape so easily. One case I handled began with a suicide, ended with a near-murder. It was years ago but the details are still fresh in my mind.

I had just broken a big case in Los Angeles, the papers were full of the story. The day before I was to leave I had a visitor, a very attractive woman. She introduced herself as Mrs. Margaret McMahon, wife of a movie executive.

Opening her bag, she extracted a newspaper clipping, handed it over. It was dated several months back, told of a young married woman despondent over bridge debts, who had "jumped or fallen" to her death from a ninth-story window. I looked at my visitor inquiringly.

"That was my sister Mary," she said, "and I know why she did such a dreadful thing." Then she launched into her story, an unbelievable tale of card-sharpping and lechery.

She and her sister, both happily married, had been members of a smart bridge-club in a Los Angeles suburb. Like so many wives of wealthy husbands they had plenty of time to kill. Soon they were playing cards every day, almost every night. For bridge fiends of that stamp a club, where they can count on a game without prearrangement, is as indispensable as a bar to a chronic alcoholic.

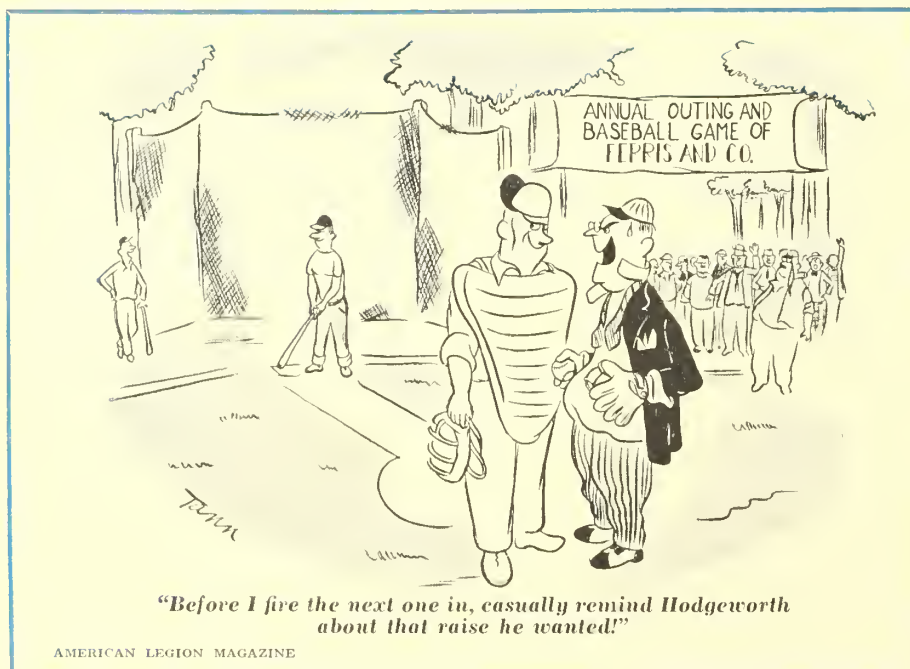
The bridge club was a commercial proposition—seventy-five cents for afternoon play, a dollar in the evening. The manager, an unsavory character named Johnny Carnes, was always available to make a fourth.

Margaret started playing for a quarter-of-a-cent a point, which was soon upped to a dime. It was nothing unusual for her to lose a few hundred at one sitting. Despite her liberal allowance she was often broke. But Carnes was very kind about advancing money, always willing to take her I.O.U. He was even kinder about repayment, never mentioning the loans. So Margaret deluded herself with the gambler's illusion that eventually she would win back enough to pay all her debts, and let the accounts pile up.

One day the manager asked her to step into the office. He was a different Carnes from the genial host she had known. She saw him as he really was, a brusque and brutal creditor. "The house needs cash," he said. "You owe us forty-two hundred dollars. You'll have to settle within twenty-four hours or I'll take these notes to Mr. McMahon, and ask him to pay."

Margaret knew she couldn't possibly pay in such a short time. She begged and pleaded, but Carnes remained hard-boiled, insistent. At last, when he knew she was scared green, he made another proposition. The real owner of the club, he said, was a certain Art Leeman, who liked pretty girls. If Margaret wanted to visit Mr. Leeman, and be nice to him, the I.O.U.'s would be destroyed.

Being at her wits' end the trapped girl



"Before I fire the next one in, casually remind Hodgeworth about that raise he wanted!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

For a while Margaret lived in a fool's paradise, thinking the nightmare was over. Then one day Carnes sent for her. He still had her I.O.U.'s, still intended to

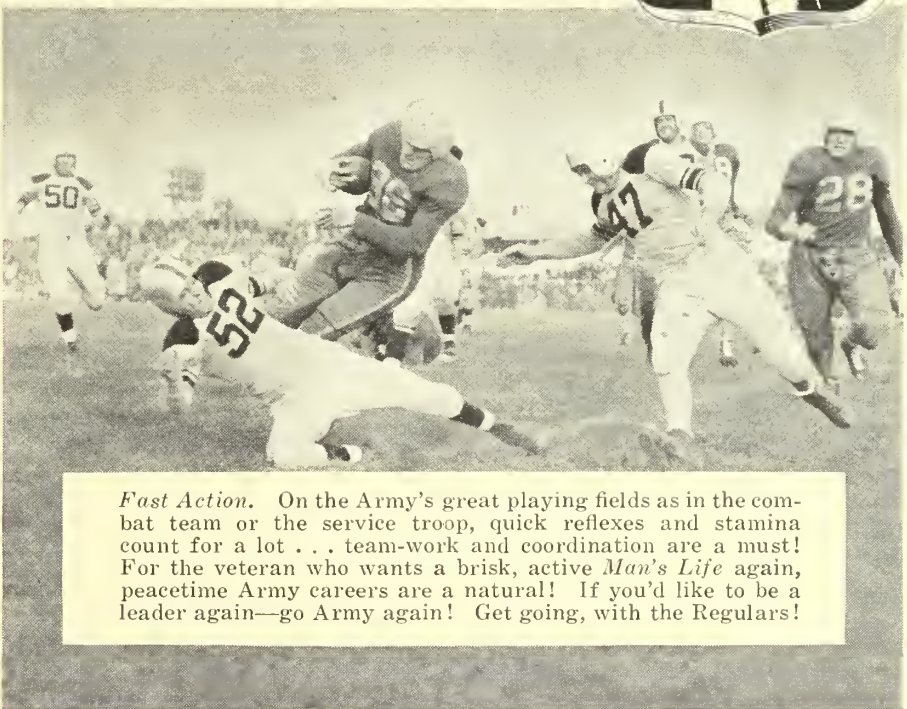


"Okay," I replied. "I'll help. Just where do you want me to begin?"



Advanced Assignments. Put your valuable veteran's skills to full use—learn new ones—in an Army job that pays off for initiative and self-improvement! Career guidance in the peacetime Army gives you *assured* advancement if you're on the ball—constantly trains you for greater responsibility, as here, in supersonic ballistics work.

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"With Carnes. He's not a crack player, yet he always wins. If you could prove he's a cheat —."

I got the point, and got right to work. An hour later I wandered into the bridge club, a lonely stranger looking for a game. Carnes, whom I recognized from Margaret's description, was busy playing, but a pretty girl assistant took my name, asked what stakes I wanted to play for.

"Cent a point, tops," I replied. Soon I was seated at a bridge table with three others who also fancied penny a point bridge.

Every time I was dummy I wandered over to Carnes' table for a looksee. Sure enough he was a "mechanic," about Grade B. I'd seen better second dealers in flop joints. What he lacked in skill he made up in finesse. He chattered constantly, diverting attention from what his fingers were doing.

Knowing he was a swindler, and proving it, were two different things. I needed evidence. For a week I haunted that woman-trap, finally got Carnes where I wanted him. He was seated at a window table, facing the light. That day I didn't play cards, I played photographer.

A miniature camera was strapped on my chest, the lens peeking out through the third button of my vest, the bulb that worked the shutter nestling in the small of my back. I held my hands in back of me, squeezed in whenever I wanted to take a picture. You can't aim a belly camera accurately but when the 400 negatives were developed I picked out a sequence of eight which showed Carnes dealing the second card from the top. That the tricky fingers belonged to the Club manager was easily proven. There was a mole on the left wrist, a large gold ring carved with the initials J. C. adorned the fourth finger of the right hand.

Margaret McMahon had the next step all planned. She phoned a dozen club-members, all heavy players, whom she knew well, and invited them to her home. I flashed the photographs, told the sordid story of Mary in words of one syllable. When I mentioned that the I.O.U.'s would have to be paid regardless, there was a slight commotion. One of the pretty lasses folded like an accordion. It wasn't hard to guess who was Art Leeman's latest victim.

The party moved over to the bridge club. It hadn't opened for business yet but Carnes was there. He looked at the photos, at the angry women, and at me.

"Okay, you got me," he said. "What do you want?"

"Open the safe and burn every I.O.U.," I ultimatumed. "Then close this place as of now. Otherwise you'll be indicted for conspiracy to defraud."

"All right, wise guy, you win this rubber. But this isn't my club. When the big boss hears what's happened he's liable to get real nasty."

"I thought as much," I said. "You tell Mr. Leeman that five friends of mine each have envelopes with the whole story, and prints of these pictures. If anything ever happens to me those envelopes will be mailed to every newspaper in town."

That gag had protected me from revenge more than once and I thought it

would again. I thought wrong. A few days later, at the racetrack, I started for my car after the fifth race, intending to avoid the rush. Just as I unlocked the door, three gorillas approached. Two had brass knuckles, the third a gun. The first blow knocked me down. Knowing I was due for a gangster's going over, I lay flat on my back, pulled my knees under my chin,



clasped my hands round my ankles, thus protecting the vital parts.

For a minute that seemed like a year I was kicked and battered unmercifully. Then three shots rang out, and the hoods raced away. The bullets entered my right leg, buried themselves in the shinbone. Today that leg is an excellent rain predictor.

I learned a lesson from that attempted murder. I lost a lot of my cockiness; never again did I try to bluff a gangster.

The more cases I handled, the more crooks learned what I looked like. There came a time when it was no longer possible to sit down in a game with a suspect. I had to remain in the background, do my sleuthing by long distance. A case I recently broke in Florida, which rated headlines all over the nation, is a perfect example of the modern, scientific method.

In my New York office I received a long distance call from a friend of mine, a famous jeweler. "Mickey," he said, "for the past three weeks I've been playing gin rummy at my cabana in back of the Roney Plaza. I knew everybody in the game personally except one man, a William Jerome, who claimed that he too was a jeweler.

"Jerome won constantly, thousands of dollars every game. I didn't suspect anything until this afternoon when I learned that Mr. Jerome knows very little about the diamond business. Can you come down and watch him play?"

"Sure can," I replied. "But first describe this Jerome. Maybe I know him."

"He's small and thin, weighs about 120,

speaks with a British accent, has a circular bald spot —"

"Stop right there," I interrupted. "That's Wee Willie Jenkins, ex-jockey, ex-trainer. I'll be on the noon plane tomorrow. Meet me at the airport."

Since I knew Wee Willie, it naturally followed that he knew me. So I would have to keep out of sight, secure proof of chicanery without even being in the same room. I called Andy Ellis, my photographer, told him he was Florida bound.

The jeweler met the plane, drove us to the lower entrance to the Roney where we could get an elevator to his suite without going through the lobby.

While Andy was busy changing the light bulbs in the sitting room, I prepared the bedroom for the coming coup. I propped the door half-way open, leaving an inch-wide crack at the hinge line. Dragging the desk over, I placed the camera on top, with the lens pointing through the crack. Then I turned the radio on full blast to cover the camera's noise.

In the outside room I arranged two tables for cards. The jeweler called in his friends, seated four at one table, two others and himself at the second table. The only chair vacant was the one at which the camera was aimed.

Wee Willie was called, asked if he wanted a gin game. He got there in nothing flat. In a few minutes Wee Willie was cheating, the camera was turning.

As soon as I judged I had sufficient evidence I asked Andy for a can of film and walked into the outer room. No accusations were needed. He spotted me instantly, threw down his cards, gritted through clenched teeth: "Why'n hell couldn't you have caught me when I hadn't made such a high-line touch?"

I pointed to the film disc. "Willie," I said, "I've got the goods on you. These films can send you to jail for ten years for larceny by trick and device."

"I know it," he admitted. "What can I do to square the rap?"

"These men don't want a scandal any more than you do," I replied. "Return every cent you've stolen and they'll let you leave town unmolested."

Willie was more than willing. The jewelers sat down, figured out what they had lost. It came to the amazing total of seventy-three thousand dollars.

The cardster handed back a score of checks he had been holding, together with numerous I.O.U.'s. Still short more than thirty thousand he made out a check for the balance. I knew that check would clear the bank. Up till now Willie Jenkins, alias William Jerome, had never seen the inside of a prison, wasn't anxious to see one.

Financial details settled, I suggested Wee Willie pack, said I'd escort him to the station. On the way we conversed amicably about cards and card cheats. When I bade him goodbye he walked away a few steps, turned and came back. "Mickey," he said, "you'd better scoot back to the Roney and collect your fee. Those guys are sharpies. They made me kick back seventy-three gees, an' I didn't take them for half that much."

For once the biter had been bitten!

THE END

SOUND OFF!

(Continued from page 8)

we all will want to read National Commander Brown's article. The short preview indicates that it should be read by our neighbors also. A better understanding of the veteran and his problems, present and future, are certainly not to the Legionnaires' disadvantage.

Wilbur J. Loberg
Pomona, Calif.

Your articles on commies have been of inestimable value to us in the backwoods. Keep it up; we need the facts. I'd like to call your attention to the comic books and the harm they are causing our children. We parents and the teachers and principals do not like the horrors created by the comics. Are the commies behind these books, which appear in print by the thousands?

Adolph Covino
Pine Bush, N. Y.

The article in the June issue is the best I ever read on the commies. We ought to work out a system whereby in each block in the city and in each neighborhood in the country someone can be made responsible for making sure that commies are known for what they are.

J. H. Killman
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Potent, timely and long-sought by millions of us, that article on commies in the June issue of our magazine. Perhaps there are many who knew these things and others who suspected them. The important thing is that you have brought out convincingly, in bold type—in a wonderful and widely circulated publication—verification.

Shortly after WW1 a Polish-born Father Mazier, U.S. Army chaplain, then in charge of St. Barbara's Church in Springfield, Ill., was a popular public speaker against communism. He was so intensely American that we all, Protestants and Catholics alike, were proud to elect and re-elect him chaplain of our Post. But his constant warnings against the reds branded him even among some of his parishioners as radical on the subject of communism. . . . It is sincerely hoped that Fr. Mazier is still among the living and knows that we appreciate the fact that he was completely right in what he then said.

Smith Foutch
Hot Springs, Ark.

THE TEAM SPIRIT

Bill Veeck, President of the Cleveland Indians baseball team, recently wrote: "No sermon from a pulpit can be as eloquent as a baseball team composed of every race, creed and color playing together in unity and harmony."

Recently a national organization celebrated its 30th anniversary. It is an organization composed of men and women of all walks of life. They are working together in unity and harmony, never in the 30 years forgetting the reason for existing, the reason for organizing—to help those less fortunate than ourselves, those

lying in hospitals, the widows and children of veterans. The veterans' organization is composed of all services, both wars, buck private, gold braid, overseas veteran, state side duty, Catholic, Jew, Protestant, Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard—one day's service up to the works.

I am proud to be a member of this veterans' organization which has always held its door open to all of the team. I am proud to be a member of The American Legion.

Robert H. Schermerhorn
Oak Park, Ill.

Ten Ways to Kill The American Legion:

1. After delaying a long time, you join—but never attend meetings.
2. Delay also in taking the obligation, and be sure to keep away from the post home.
3. If curiosity gets the best of you, go to the meeting late and make some silly motion. (Be sure that you arrange to have a "fellow-traveler" second that motion.)
4. If someone does make a motion that would promote the Legion and Americanism, be sure to foment much opposition.
5. When you take the floor, use up plenty of time.
6. Never accept an office, or serve on a committee. "Let George do it."
7. The cliques are running the show, so why should you bother about anything. If you became one of the clique, you'd be loaded with work.
8. Always get sore when you are not on an important committee, or hold an office. (You won't have to make some good suggestions.)
9. Use the Legion as an instrument to promote your own welfare—but always be delinquent with your own obligations.
10. Never praise your organization.

H. Leonard Le Bel
Holyoke, Mass.

The negligence or unconcerned attitude toward Legionnaires shown by rehabilitation officers of some Posts is costly to the Legion membership. These men cater

mostly to non-members and by-pass the Legionnaire, on the theory that hundreds of thousands of veterans are waiting to be asked to join our organization. There is an old saying that when a person buys a product and finds that it has produced the service its manufacturers claimed for it that person recommends the product to someone else, who in turn praises the product, and in time everyone has it. I personally had the experience of the unconcerned attitude of my own Post, but I did not drop out of the Legion. Instead, I told them off in no uncertain terms.

Lawrence F. Graham
New York City

COMRADES: LAST INSTALMENT

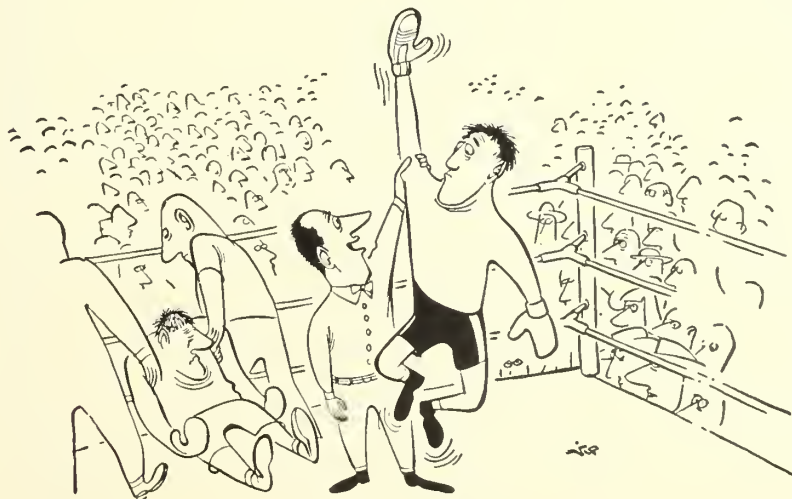
It was very distressing to me to read, in the April issue, the letters of Legionnaires Bendel and Chesney. It seems that these two gentlemen are opposed to the word "Comrade" as applied in Legion phraseology.

The term "Comrade" did not originate in the German army of WW1, but indeed can be traced back to the Revolutionary War and God only knows how far beyond that time. It has been universally accepted as a term of deep and abiding faith and companionship among military personnel; therefore, it is not surprising that the Germans and Russians have adopted it also.

In the village of St. Bernard, Ohio, at the intersection of its main streets, stands a monument to the memory of the eight boys lost by that community in France during WW1. One letter from each of those eight names was taken to form the name of the St. Bernard Legion post—Comrades Post 293. If there is anything connotative of the principles of communism or fascism in such a tribute I fail to see it . . .

William R. Schnug
Adjutant
Memorial Post 614
Hilliards, Ohio

Advertisement



"I eat Wheaties, too."

Startling, sometimes—the way Wheaties eaters perform! Phillies' Richie Ashburn batted .333 first year in Big Leagues; has enjoyed

these 100% whole wheat flakes over 12 years! Famous training dish with milk and fruit. Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"!

AN ORCHID A DAY

(Continued from page 23)

around, has been in the same city as Mrs. Goode several times lately. But they have not caught a glimpse of each other. They happened to be addressing different banquets!

Mrs. Goode has learned to husband her time (but still not well enough to let her get caught up on sleep.) For one thing, she has learned never to waste time writing a speech in advance. Her long familiarity with the work of the Auxiliary makes it possible for her simply to open her mouth and begin to talk about this welfare work which is so dear to her. Often she stresses the four primary objectives of the Auxiliary as she sees them: a secure America; a full understanding of the responsibility of the group to the world at large; care of the disabled veterans; child welfare for the veterans' families. Familiarity with such aspects of the Auxiliary program, gained over the past seventeen years, allows Mrs.

Goode to greet the question period after her speeches with poise and calm serenity: she hasn't been stumped yet by questions bearing on the work.

Mrs. Goode's speech record includes at least one a day . . . sometimes many more. In a whirlwind three-day tour of Texas she made nine speeches, four broadcasts and traveled 1,400 miles by car and private plane. At each stop, of course, she was expected to appear fresh, glowing, eager ("And I am," she insists, "as soon as I once begin talking to these wonderful women on the local committees. They are an inspiration, all along the line. They make me forget I'm tired, at least until I am alone again.")

One day recently Mrs. Goode was called in a Texas town at six; she found that here was no hot water in her hotel and that she would have no time for breakfast. Gulping a cup of coffee (that, fortunately, was hot) she made a radio

talk and then drove eighty-five miles to keep an appointment for luncheon and a speech. She immediately took off in another car, reaching Dallas at five p.m., quite ready for a bath, a nap, a look at letters-from-home.

But, "The press will call on you at five-thirty," she was then told. "And the photographers are coming at six-thirty. The banquet will begin at seven sharp."

Days like these are stimulating and there are gratifying signs of accomplishments, too. Mrs. Goode believes that the Auxiliary . . . 960,000 at its last membership count . . . will pass the million mark this year. With so many new girls and women joining up, it is especially important to have a mouthpiece for the Auxiliary objectives and program, someone to fire them with enthusiasm so that they will wish to work hard for the organization they have joined. That's why speech-making takes priority with Mrs. Goode over all the other work associated with her job. That's why she is determined that before her year's term is over she will have visited every State, as well as the outlying possessions, where Auxiliary units exist.

"It takes a little readjustment of values to act as a President of so vast an organization," Mrs. Goode tells you. "I had always worked with individuals before. I was a volunteer case worker right after college . . . and I had specialized in social service studies even earlier, as a student at West Union College in Iowa. For 20 years I have been active on the board of a nursery, a home for juvenile delinquents and a children's hospital. I've worked on the Community Chest committees and have taken an immense and active interest, for years, in the Legion's work among disabled veterans. Those things seem important to me: they are important.

"But this year I haven't been able to go through the wards of a single one of the veterans hospitals I've visited. Not one — although for eighteen years I had made a point of talking to the individual patients on any hospital tour. But in *this* job, I've got something else to do. I speak to the patients over the loud-speakers, and then I am whisked away to another appointment, another audience. It's a different kind of work."

Mrs. Goode is showered with honors on her tours. ("They are honoring the Auxiliary and not myself," she says modestly. "That's why I'm always grateful to be singled out.") She has received the keys to dozens of cities, been made a citizen of two States, been appointed Deputy Sheriff and has had more than one Governor meet her train.

To get in the necessary packing and pressing is a task for an efficiency expert on these tours. When Mrs. Goode returned from Panama, her entire wardrobe was sent to Indianapolis to be laundered and cleaned: she arrived in Washington with only a single dress. She found an occasion had come up for that evening which required more formal clothes. Descending on a shop near her hotel, she

TAPS

(News item: This year marks the final grand encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic)

*There will be a great encampment
In the land of clouds today.
A mingling and a merging
Of the men in blue and gray.
Though on earth they are disbanding,
They are very close and near,
For these brave and honored soldiers
Show no sorrow, shed no tear.
They have lived a life of glory,
History pins their medals high,
Listen to the thunder rolling,
They are marching in the sky!*

— ARTA NOTTINGHAM CHAPPIUS

OVERLOOKING THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

managed to buy a complete outfit in twenty minutes. It was becoming, too!

Mrs. Goode has been inside a beauty shop just three times in six months: normally, nowadays, she washes her hair in a hotel bathroom at two in the morning and presses her clothes while it dries. She has barely time to read her mail, let alone the books that are on the best-seller list: "The finest novel in history could be pub-

Indianapolis and sent to her. But the schedule never includes the last-minute requests for ten-minute talks, for local broadcasts suddenly arranged.

"Twice," Mrs. Goode admits, "I simply blew my top from a combination of unexpected engagements and fatigue . . . and I was terribly ashamed of myself afterward. I got off a plane in one city, terribly tired, and found I had to go on

WALLY



(From August, 1933 A.L.M.)

lished this year, and I would never get a glance at it," she says. On her plane and train trips, Mrs. Goode usually manages to devour the news magazines; she reads the headlines of the daily papers on the run.

Her trips are not confined to the continental United States: Mrs. Goode's itinerary has so far included Panama, Puerto Rico and Hawaii. On her return from the Islands, she hoped to work in a little domestic living and to renew acquaintance with her two grandchildren in Oregon. At home in Portland, she began to open her mail before she had taken off her hat, and learned from one of the letters that she was expected to make a broadcast the next morning in celebration of Pan-American Day. That finished any hopes of a leisurely holiday: getting in the needed trips to the doctor and dentist took up most of the two days at home which were all she finally contrived.

"I have become a skillful packer," said Mrs. Goode, pointing to the two trim, well-ordered alligator bags that accompany her. "That's one way I've learned to cut corners and save time. And now I sleep as soon as I go to bed . . . I never used to . . . and I have eliminated all unnecessary mail by giving instructions that I shall never even see letters which don't require my personal attention."

Even so, the mail has a way of bulging, until it demands some concentrated thought. Mrs. Goode had planned to take one "unofficial" day in New Orleans for mail and mail alone; actually she found that on that day she had to handle a press conference, a radio broadcast and an official luncheon. Two hours were all she wangled for her letter-writing.

"I hardly ever even get to church," says Mrs. Goode, sister of a minister. "When I do, I don't know, half the time, what denomination of church it is. But then, I frequently don't know what town I'm in."

The schedule of the Auxiliary president is prepared at Legion headquarters in

the air in half an hour. I had what the French call a *crise de nerfs*. Usually, I behave myself better than that."

Mrs. Goode has one rule she never breaks: she refuses to be a house guest anywhere, at any time during her tenure of office. It is only by being able to return to the impersonality of a hotel room that she can keep going.

The lack of time for committee work troubles her. But oddly enough . . . since she had little experience at public speaking until her present job . . . Mrs. Goode is unruffled by the actual experience of addressing audiences. She has never "dried up" or been at a loss for something to say. Radio talks come easy to her, too, and she has never refused an opportunity to make a broadcast in any city.

"The hardest thing," she says, "is not the talking. It's the being talked about. These flattering introductions always bother me and make me blush. I try to remember it's the Auxiliary they are praising; then I don't mind it so much." Nor does she mind press conferences: Mrs. Goode has only been misquoted once. Reporters she regards as friends.

The Auxiliary programs are very close to her heart: she loves to talk, especially, about the Girls' Nation, which has been given publicity in several national magazines and about which one learned woman is preparing a university thesis. The program for uniformed hospital workers is a special pride of hers: she likes to remember that the Auxiliary hospital volunteers have increased since the war. (Many war-time enthusiasts in other organizations retired forever on V-J Day.) But the rehabilitation program is perhaps the dearest of all to Mrs. Goode: after all, she recently devoted a full year of her life to heading it.

"The work the Auxiliary does is so important," she says wistfully. "I wish I could keep in close touch with just what every Department plans. I wish I could

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The Story of "Taps"



How our most touching bugle call was written

Of all the bugle calls used in the United States armed service, none is more popular or better known than "Taps." Probably not one American in twenty has heard of how this famous call was first blown.

It happened in Virginia in July, 1862. After seven days of bitter fighting before Richmond, the North's Army of the Potomac lay encamped at Harrison's Landing on the James River. Vacant places in the ranks were a sharp reminder of the heavy losses that had been suffered, and to officers and men alike, there now came a sobering realization of what a terrible toll the War Between the States was sure to take before it was over.

Up and down the long, winding valley rose the bugle calls, echoing to the distant hills. The rhythm of camp life was punctuated by these soaring notes. If it had not been for tents and uniforms, the setting would have suited a summer idyl.

Now, with time heavy on his hands, the thoughts of more than one soldier turned to home and loved ones in the North. As nostalgia rested heavily on the troops, the close of each day found many men in a mood not untouched with sadness.

Some of this feeling must have crept into the consciousness of General Daniel Butterfield. A brave commander, he was also an expert musician, with ears keenly attuned to harmony. While homesickness pervaded the Army and the nights were filled with tender retrospection, he took a sudden dislike to the discordant "Lights Out" call, which had been handed down from the early days of West Point.

All by himself, he began to turn over in his mind a combination of notes that would express the peacefulness of a great camp after nightfall — soldiers sleeping, sentries keeping watch under the stars, rest after labor. The scene must have inspired the musical phrase of "Taps."

When General Butterfield was satisfied with his musical combination, he sent for his brigade bugler, Oliver W. Norton. Whistling the

notes over and over, he taught them to the young musician. Whenever Norton made a mistake, General Butterfield would correct him, and the result was that in a short time the bugler was able to blow "Taps" perfectly. In order to preserve the call, the General copied down the notes with a lead pencil on the back of an old envelope.

That same night General Butterfield's brigade was the first to hear the lingering refrain. Its music carried up and down the valley, and the wistful, haunting notes struck a responsive chord with thousands of other listeners.

The next morning General Butterfield was besieged by the buglers of other camps. "Taps" had caught their fancy, and they were curious about it. They wanted to know its origin, its meaning and even asked for a copy of the score. All were given permission to use it.

Whenever the new "Lights Out" was blown among Union forces after that, it excited immediate interest. The music of it lingered in the memory and every soldier came to love it. It passed from corps to corps until, at last, by general orders, it was substituted for the old "Lights Out" call and was officially printed in the Army regulations.

Since that time, as everybody knows, "Taps" has become an American tradition. It is used for the military burial service by the veterans of all wars. That use has undoubtedly given it the most poignant associations. It moves listeners as no other bugle call can, and at the first notes a hush will fall over the noisiest crowd.

Life was certainly kind to the call's composer. At the close of the war, General Butterfield entered business in New York, where, by reason of his great organizing ability, he was frequently called upon to take charge of public parades and exhibitions. When he finally retired, it was to a home at Cold Spring, New York, where, just across the Hudson, he could hear the notes of his beloved "Taps" sounded every evening by the bugler at West Point.

BY GEORGE DANIELS

sit down for all-day talks with every local Unit officer. I wish I could work on cases and take the veterans to ball games and watch the Girls' Nation draft its bills. But not *this* year."

For the telephone was ringing; Indianapolis on the wire for Mrs. Goode. A bell-boy at the door wished her to sign for a telegram. There were only ten minutes left before her next committee meeting, and she had to reach another hotel for it. As Mrs. Goode caught up her bag and started for the door, she turned back to reach for the white box upon the dressing-table.

"My orchids!" she said. "I nearly forgot them. They are the badge of office for the Auxiliary head."

She smiled.

"There are too many orchids on this job for a simple grandmother like myself . . . too many orchids that the florists leave, and too many of the Winchell sort, as well. It overwhelms me and it gives me a new respect for the national figures who are celebrities all the time . . . not just for a year in office, as I am. They must be made of iron.

"But I'm grateful, just the same, for the opportunity to meet so many wonderful and inspiring people all along the road. I am grateful for the generosity of their welcome.

"Some day I'll come back to visit them at leisure, with no speeches, no broadcasts, no trains to catch."

But meanwhile, her audience was waiting. Mrs. Goode took the passage to the elevator on the run. Waiting for its red signal light to show, she pinned her orchids onto her shoulder with a deft and practiced hand. On the descent to the street level she tidied her hair and arranged her hat. For she is still president of the largest women's organization which the world has ever seen. Split seconds count with Mrs. Hubert Goode. She has to take her orchids on the run. THE END



NOTHING DOWN, \$39 A MONTH

(Continued from page 15)

said he'd build the houses for cost plus 10 per cent—and that out of his 10 per cent he would pay taxes, social security, workmen's compensation and all his own overhead.

George Gund, president of Cleveland Trust, agreed that his bank would advance the needed capital for construction at the low interest rate of three percent and skip a lot of the usual costly red tape. When buyers took over the houses, the bank would lend them money at four percent up to the full value of the houses.

AL THESE business people agreed to do these things, and then they pitched in and did them—fast.

That's why by the time Don II was born, the Smiths were living in a comfortable house with a surprisingly modest mortgage. And why 99 other G.I. families in Painesville have good housing, too.

It was no dream house, however, the day the Smiths moved in. There were no sidewalks and no screens. The yard was a sea of mud in need of grading and topsoiling and planting. Inside, the plaster walls and partitions were unpainted and the drab concrete floors were bare. The attic needed insulating, the closets needed doors, and everything needed paint.

Don and Val began at once to build up their sweat equity.

First they covered those bare floors in kitchen, bath, and bedrooms with asphalt tile.

"I just bought the tile at a department store for about 15 cents a square foot," Don explains. "And I got some of that black sticky stuff you use to fasten it down. The salesman told me how, and then we started to work, laying the tile at night after I came home from work. I got pretty tired and the black stuff got all over me, but we did a beautiful job and the whole business cost us only about \$75."

Don and Val put batt insulation in the attic. They floored the attic with water-stained flooring they bought cheap, to give the house guest space and room for storage closets and some Army foot lockers. Don plans to use the attic as a darkroom, too, whenever he finds time for photography.

WHAT WITH getting a new business going, Don's days were too short, so he hired a painter to help with the inside work. They made the living room light gray, the kitchen off-white and green, the bathroom yellow, bedrooms blue and peach.

The outside clapboard already had two coats of white paint to protect it. Don finished it medium gray with tulip-yellow shutters.

"We were the first people on this street to paint our house anything but white," Don points out with some pride. "Now look—half the street is in color, barn-red, green, yellow..."

With the essentials out of the way, the Smiths did other jobs as time permitted. They added closets, put a shower over the bathtub, added a breakfast bar and closet

doors, and put screens on the windows. They bought a rug for the living room, and Val made draperies.

For \$3 Don was able to have the yard plowed. He put on top soil and turned the rough-graded front yard into a lawn. They made the back yard into what Don and Val agree is "one swell garden."

They did these things pretty much the hard way, squeezing in a few hours when they could, working even when both were tired from a long day. They put up insulation at night, Don tacking it between studs while Val held a light.

They were encouraged by knowing that all up and down Hawthorne Drive other veterans were doing the same things at the same time. Anyway, it was the only way to get things done, Don says. He was working harder than ever by day, building up that automobile business.

Mistakes? "Sure we made mistakes. On the tile job I put down too much goo and it oozed up between the tiles and made a mess for a while. Other jobs the same way. But we learned."

Don and Val are pretty pleased with the way the whole project has worked out financially, too. The purchase price for house and lot with paving in front and a graveled drive worked out to about \$5,800, which includes the cost of shower and some other extras the Smiths wanted, but not the improvements they have made and are still making. They figure their house is worth at least \$2,000 more than it cost them. Comparison with other houses in the locality indicates that this is a conservative figure.

IN THE Painesville project, the story of the Smiths is not at all unusual. In the rest of the hundred houses along Hawthorne Drive and on Linden, you can "knock on any door" and find a similar story.

Across the street from the Smiths and down a few doors are the Chases—Norman and Annamae and their daughters Sandy and Beth. After 30 months overseas, Norman Chase came home to an all-too-familiar housing sequence: a period in a temporary housing project while finishing college, then long-range commuting to a job, and finally camping with relatives in limited space.

Then came the sweat-equity project. Soon the Chases moved in and began to do just what their neighbors were doing. They painted walls and cupboards, put in insulation and shelves and closet poles and asphalt tile and linoleum.

If all this sounds like an impossible schedule for a man with a job, Norman Chase could argue with you. During all this strenuous building program he's been holding down a job and studying law on the side.

Chase estimates they spent between four and five hundred dollars completing their home and adding many things not usually included in any new house. He figures they saved a thousand dollars by doing the work themselves. By doing so he believes they added at least two thou-

(Continued on page 63)

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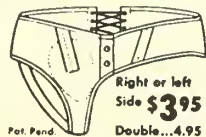
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KEYBOARD MAGICIAN

Probably one of the few times Army classification got the right man in the right job was when Staff Sergeant Martin Tytell was assigned to the Adjutant General's office. His job was to convert standard typewriters to any of the numerous foreign languages and dialects the armed services used in fighting the global war.

In civilian life Tytell had run the largest concern in the country doing this work, a business which carried 145 languages and dialect type faces for use in converting ordinary English language typewriters to print in whatever tongue the buyer wanted. Tytell's experience was so valuable that he was on frequent loan to various government agencies such as the OSS and State Department who needed machines to be used in preparing material for the underground workers of German-occupied countries and for contact with friendly allied nations. Since the converting of the machines was done in advance of any action in or with these countries, Tytell could always tell where the next theatre of operations would be merely by the request for certain languages.

Today Tytell's business at 123 Fulton Street, New York, is a booming one, with orders from all over the world for typewriters to work in common as well as obscure languages. Seventy percent of the

orders are for the export trade, with the remaining thirty percent divided among local work for United Nation delegates, domestic business firms and church groups who send out missionaries. Another call for his services has come from returning GI's who bring him typewriters liberated from all over the world which need repairing.

Tytell's newest venture is in the field of Veterans' Rehabilitation. Together with Commander August Dvorak USNR he has built a typewriter for one-armed veterans. The revised keyboard makes it possible for a disabled person to use the touch system of typing and do 99 percent of his work without hopping around the keys as is the case with the standard keyboard. Speeds up to 54 words per minute have been achieved, well above the Civil Service test requirements, and dozens of people have learned to type adequately in two or three months.

These new typewriters come in two models, for right and left-handed use, and are slowly gaining acceptance among organizations working with disabled persons. The most recent order came from the National Association for Infantile Paralysis. Tytell has one-handed machines for sale and for amputees he will convert any standard typewriter within two days for \$15. —BY IRVING HERSCHBEIN

HOSPITAL ON WHEELS

When Dr. Irwin C. Albert returned from three years of Army service in the Pacific he ran smack into a major problem of the day. Dr. Albert set up practice at 2015 Losantiville Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio, but every time he wanted to send a patient to the hospital he was told that the hospitals were full. This set him to thinking. "If I can't take my patients to the hospital," he asked, "why can't I take the hospital to the patient?" From this thought he developed a full time business which he calls "Hospital Facilities At Home Service."

He purchased a one-ton panel truck and invested \$4,000 in medical equipment. Now he spends seven days a week dashing from one side of Cincinnati to the other making X-rays, doing blood counts, and taking heart tracings. If a doctor suspects that his patient has pneumonia he can call in Dr. Albert to make sure. Instead of traveling to the hospital, waiting two hours for an X-ray, then probably going back home until the report on the X-ray is finished, the patient can stay in bed. The fee for this service is little more than the hospital would charge. Dr. Albert

charges \$15 for an X-ray, and \$10 for a blood count.

The business is growing as more doctors come to rely on this home medical service. Dr. Albert expects to add other trucks until he has a fleet of mobile hospital units covering Cincinnati and surrounding territory.

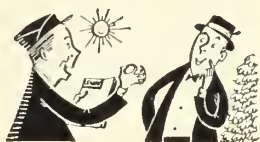
He develops his X-rays while still at the patient's home. If the picture is a poor one, which it seldom is for Dr. Albert has become an expert, he can retake it with little delay. Doctors and patients alike are enthusiastic about this traveling hospital. One local specialist who was against the idea at the start recently said, "I don't know what we'd do without it."

Dr. Albert feels that traveling units like the one he has designed are a partial answer to the hospital shortage. Hospital beds are still scarce with no immediate relief likely. It is little wonder that Dr. Albert's idea became a profitable one. He no longer maintains an office except the one in his truck. He has found that he has a full time job wheeling his hospital around the streets of Cincinnati.

—BY GEORGE LAYCOCK

(Continued from page 61)
sand dollars to the value of their home.
Half of the hundred Painesville houses are bigger than those of the Smiths and the Chases. These are story-and-a-half houses for larger families, with two bedrooms down and space upstairs that the buyer can finish into two or even three additional bedrooms as he needs them.

When all costs are in, these houses with their potential five bedrooms will cost



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their buyers around \$7,900. In finished condition they will equal houses selling for \$11,000 to \$13,000.

Now that the Smiths and the Chases and all the other veteran-families in the first 50 houses have pretty well finished their amateur carpentry and painting and landscaping, it is possible to tell just what they are getting for their money and their sweat.

That sweat, of course, would be hard to measure, but none of the families seem to be complaining about it or reluctant to shed it.

"There may be one or two exceptions," Banker Templeton says, "but it is my observation that the boys' homes are completed. Some of them hired people to do part of the work, but most of them did it all themselves."

ON THE cost side, the project has worked out rather better than anyone except Templeton expected. Purchase price was conservatively set at \$6,400 on some of the houses and \$6,500 on the rest. Just before Christmas, 1948, with all costs in, rebates were calculated and each purchaser learned that his mortgage had been reduced by a substantial \$966.31.

Most buyers made no down payment, except a little less than \$50 to cover G.I. appraisal, fees, and title work. The mortgage calls for \$39 a month, and the property tax is currently running \$6 a month. The mortgages were set for 20 years, but the rebate knocks several years off that.

All in all, it was a welcome piece of Christmas news for families already pleased with their housing bargains.

So what the Smiths and the Chases and

the other veterans are paying is between \$5,600 and \$6,000, depending upon how elaborately they have finished their houses.

What they are getting is a full-sized two-bedroom house, 26 feet square plus attached garage and utility room. The bedrooms, the bath, the kitchen, and the closets—all are of fairly generous size by today's standards. The lot is 60 by 200 feet. The arrangement and construction are conventional but, thanks to painstaking attention by an architect, superior to what most low-cost houses offer, including many costing up to twice as much. Water pipes are copper throughout. The house is panel heated by an oil furnace that circulates hot water through pipes cast in the floor slab. Don Smith's fuel bill for the first winter was \$110. The workmanship all through the house is superior—much better, both Smith and Chase enjoy pointing out—than that on more expensive houses near by.

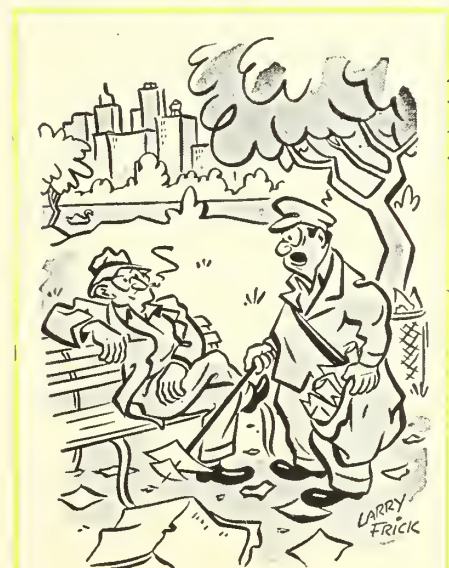
THE SMITHS and their neighbors think that a hundred veterans well housed at something approaching prewar costs is an important story, and they think it is a good thing for a man and a woman to put some of their own perspiration into making a home.

Harry Templeton agrees, but he hopes that the Painesville project will mean more than that. He and the architect and the real-estate man and the builder hope that it will be regarded as a "pilot plant," that their experiment will be repeated over and over again in other communities to show what free enterprise can accomplish when it recognizes its responsibilities.

"Sweat equity?" Don Smith says. "Yes—sweat and slivers, backache and blisters. But it got us a home instead of just a place in which to survive."

That goes for ninety-nine others besides the Smiths. It could go for thousands and thousands more.

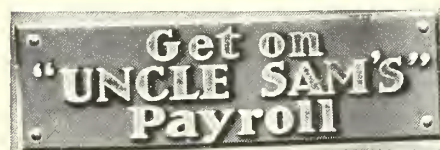
THE END



"I guess I come by this type of work naturally—my ancestors used to harpoon whales."

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OF GLAMOROUS OPPORTUNITY

Today more Americans are "going places" than ever before in history. As a result—the hotel and institutional field is surging ahead to new prosperity. Successful Lewis graduates "making good" everywhere in luxurious hotels, fashionable resorts, smart restaurants and clubs.

Did you ever sit in a hotel lobby, look at the beautiful surroundings and say to yourself, "I certainly would enjoy being an executive here"? Or while staying at some busy hotel or magnificent club have you envied the manager as he went about his important, always interesting duties?

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"It is a pleasure working as Assistant Manager here at this fine hotel. I am well thought of by my employer and all employees."

"I was placed in the present position through the Lewis Hotel Training School, who gave me this wonderful lead before I left school."

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Parting Shots

OUR GARDEN

*The fact that we planted
Too much is now true —
We actually bit off
More than we can chew.*

— BY A. A. LATTIMER

SHE'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME

A certain woman really felt that she was mastering the art of driving the family car. She had been out with it several times, and returned without mishap. On one occasion, however, just as she turned a street corner, a telephone lineman shinned up a pole, and fast. "Idiot," the woman muttered to herself, "how can he tell I'm just learning to drive."

— BY ALBERT KELLEY

SPORTING PROPOSITION

The football player and baseball lad
Are both of them fully and decently clad.

The basketball chap seems well dressed
in his shorts

As long as he's playing on indoor courts.

And swimmers, no matter if men or
women,

Look clothed while they're close to the
water they swim in.

The track man alone, at a cursory glance,
Seems caught out of doors in his
underpants.

— RICHARD ARMOUR

MILITARY COURTESY

It was a dark night and a noisy one when the Japs started to drop mortar fire on Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger's advance field headquarters in New Guinea. Eichelberger's aide, huddled in a fox hole, was understandably anxious for the general's welfare.

"General Eichelberger," he whispered



into the darkness. "Where are you?" No answer.

"General Eichelberger," he whispered again, a little louder, "are you all right?" No answer. The aide threw caution to the winds and called the general in a loud, clear voice.

Came the reply from Eichelberger's own personal foxhole not fifty feet away!

"Clyde, my boy, I appreciate your solicitude, but when the little b..... are infiltrating. I'd just as soon you called me Bob."

— BY DANIEL A. JENKINS

MIDDLE AGE RIDDLE

*That life begins at forty
I've read in book and verse;
But does it then begin to get
Much better, or much worse?*

— BY F. G. KERNAN

BATTLE STATIONS

When an artillery major's small son was invited to his first party, his mother thought it best to accompany him. Just as she had feared, the youngster swaggered around, assuming command of the other children. When refreshments were served, he helped himself with a heavy hand.

Ignoring his mother's signals, he boldly asked the hostess for another piece of cake. "David!" his mother warned in a whisper. "You mustn't eat another bite; if you do, you'll burst."

"Pass the cake, anyway," he ordered firmly. "Then stand clear!"

— BY WEBB B. GARRISON

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

If pink elephants you find disturbin'
Remember they're just beasts of bourbon.

— BY MAURICE SEITTE

SUMMER COMPLAINT

*If you know how,
You do it thus:
You step inside
Without a fuss.*

*But if you don't,
You swing and sway
Canoe and you,
Will go this way.*

— BY PEGGY WIGGINS

BUREAUCRACY

An aged country farmer was being shown around the Naval Observatory and was greatly impressed by what he saw.

"This clock," said a guide rather pompously, "is the one from which the whole world takes its time."

"Wonderful," said the old timer, surveying it with open mouth. Then, drawing a silver turnip watch, at the end of about two feet of chain, from a pocket like a sack, he said, "And it's not but five minutes fast, either."

— BY EDWIN B. HOAG

FLY IN THE FLY'S OINTMENT

(DDT is now widely used on walls and screens to discourage flies. — NEWS ITEM.)

I never thought I'd ever spy
A downcast or discouraged fly!
A fly alighting on the butter,
Beset by woes too deep to utter;
A fly whose pessimistic buzz
Proves he ain't happy like he wuz.
Indeed, I never had suspected
That even flies could be dejected!
I'd thought the fate of flies allotted,
Was to be happy until swatted!
But now on walls and screens galore,
It seems they ain't that way no more!
Their 'spree de corps has been defeated,
Their fondest hopes all Dee Dee Teeted!

— BY S. OMAR BARKER

GOOD IMITATION

The day Joe Louis was being unveiled in Chicago Stadium as promoter of the new multi-million dollar International Boxing Club, a friend approached and started telling the retired heavyweight champion about a young Negro on Chicago's south side who was using him as a pattern.

"This kid wears the same getup you did in the gym," he told Joe. "He's got your scowl and your shuffle down perfectly. Why, he even walks like you!"

"Yeh, yeh," interrupted Joe, "but how does he FIGHT?"

— BY ED PRELL

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY

*A dress
May impress;
But a sweater
Is better.*

— BY SIDNEY R. BARON



"Hey Max where shall I put the label?"



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"



ZINE

**"30-Day Mildness Test?
That proves what I've known
about Camels for years! They
are mild — and taste great"...**

COLE PORTER

COLE PORTER, world famous song writer. Father of such immortal hits as "Begin the Beguine", "Night and Day" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy". The prolific Porter (over 20 musical comedies) scores with another Broadway hit, "Kiss Me, Kate."

SMOKERS REPORT



GENE BEARDEN, ace pitcher: "I made the test. I smoked only Camels for 30 days. Camels are my brand now!"



GLADYS SWARTHOUT, opera star: "Mildness is important to me. That's why I've smoked Camels for years!"



JEANNE WILSON, star swimmer: "The 30-day test introduced me to the best-tasting cigarette I ever smoked—Camel!"



GENE SARAZEN, "perennial" of pro golf: "I'm a veteran when it comes to Camels — my choice every time!"



SYLVIA MACNEILL, secretary: "I enjoyed the 30-day test! Camels are so mild and they have such good flavor!"



"DUSTY" CAMPBELL, big-game fisherman: "30-Day Test? I made that years ago. It's been Camels ever since!"



PATRICIA MORISON, singing star of musical comedy and motion pictures. Talented Patricia, an ardent Cole Porter fan, is right at home singing "So In Love" in "Kiss Me, Kate." After making the 30-day test, Miss Morison says: "I've changed to Camels for keeps!"

DOCTORS REPORT

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE
OF THROAT IRRITATION
due to smoking CAMELS**

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